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literature

THE WORKS
of
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
Dramatic and Poetical
with an Account of his Life and Writings
Knights Cabinet Edition
With Additional Notes



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W. & R. CHAMBERS,

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, .

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, .

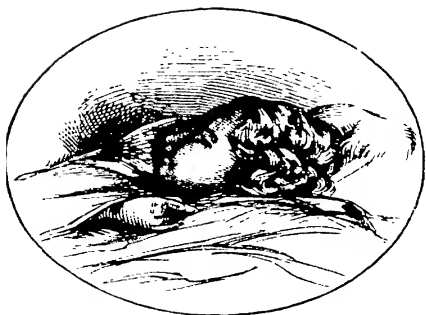
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, . .

MUCH ADÒ ABOUT NOTHING, .

**The PORTRAIT to this Volume is taken from Droeshout's
print, prefixed to the folio of 1623.**









'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM' was first printed in 1600. In that year there appeared two editions of the play;—the one published by Thomas Fisher, a bookseller; the other by James Roberts, a printer. The differences between these two editions are very slight. It is perfectly clear that the original of these editions, whichever it might be, was printed from a genuine copy, and carefully superintended through the press. The play was not reprinted after 1600, till it was collected into the folio of 1623; and the text in that edition differs in few instances, and those very slight ones, from that of the preceding quartos.

Malone has assigned the composition of 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' to the year 1594. We are not disposed to dissent from this; but we entirely object to the reasons upon which Malone attempts to show that it was one of our author's "*earliest* attempts in comedy." It appears to us a misapplication of the received meaning of words, to talk of "the warmth of a youthful and lively imagination" with reference to 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' and the Shakspeare of thirty. Of all the dramas of Shakspeare there is none more entirely harmonious than 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream.' All the incidents, all the characters, are in perfect subordination to the will of the poet. "Throughout the whole piece," says Malone, "the more exalted characters are subservient to the interests of those beneath them." Precisely so. An unpractised author—one who had not

“a youthful and lively imagination” under perfect control—when he had got hold of the Theseus and Hippolyta of the heroic ages, would have made them ultra-heroical. They would have commanded events, instead of moving with the supernatural influence around them in harmony and proportion. An immature poet, again, if the marvellous creation of Oberon and Titania and Puck could have entered into such a mind, would have laboured to make the power of the fairies produce some strange and striking events. But the exquisite beauty of Shakspeare’s conception is, that, under the supernatural influence, “the human mortals” move precisely according to their respective natures and habits. Demetrius and Lysander are impatient and revengeful;—Helena is dignified and affectionate, with a spice of female error;—Hermia is somewhat vain and shrewish. And then Bottom! Who but the most skilful artist could have given us such a character? Of him Malone says, “Shakspeare would naturally copy those manners first with which he was first acquainted. The ambition of a theatrical candidate for applause he has happily ridiculed in Bottom the weaver.” A theatrical candidate for applause! Why, Bottom the weaver is the representative of the whole human race. His confidence in his own power is equally profound, whether he exclaims, “Let me play the lion too;” or whether he sings alone, “that they shall hear I am not afraid;” or whether, conscious that he is surrounded with spirits, he cries out, with his voice of authority, “Where’s Peas-blossom?” In every situation Bottom is the same,—the same personification of that self-love which the simple cannot conceal, and the wise can with difficulty

suppress. Lastly, in the whole rhythmical structure of the versification, the poet has put forth all his strength. We venture to offer an opinion that, if any single composition were required to exhibit the power of the English language for purposes of poetry, that composition would be the ‘Midsummer-Night’s Dream.’ This wonderful model, which, at the time it appeared, must have been the commencement of a great poetical revolution,—and which has never ceased to influence our higher poetry from Fletcher to Shelley,—was, according to Malone, the work of “the genius of Shakspeare, even *in its minority*.”

“This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard,” says Hippolyta, when Wall has “discharged” his part. The answer of Theseus is full of instruction:—“The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them.” It was in this humble spirit that the great poet judged of his own matchless performances. He felt the utter inadequacy of his art, and indeed of any art, to produce its due effect upon the mind, unless the imagination, to which it addressed itself, was ready to convert the shadows which it presented into living forms of truth and beauty. “I am convinced,” says Coleridge, “that Shakspeare availed himself of the title of this play in his own mind, and worked upon it as a dream throughout.” The poet says so, in express words:—

“If we shadows have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended),
That you have but slumber’d here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.”

But to understand this dream—to have all its gay, and soft, and harmonious colours impressed upon the vision—to hear all the golden cadences of its poesy—to feel the perfect congruity of all its parts, and thus to receive it as a truth—we must not suppose that it will enter the mind amidst the lethargic slumbers of the imagination. We must receive it—

“ As youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.”

To offer an analysis of this subtle and ethereal drama would, we believe, be as unsatisfactory as the attempt to associate it with the realities of the stage. With scarcely an exception, the proper understanding of the other plays of Shakspeare may be assisted by connecting the apparently separate parts of the action, and by developing and reconciling what seems obscure and anomalous in the features of the characters. But to follow out the caprices and illusions of the loves of Demetrius and Lysander,—of Helena and Hermia ;—to reduce to prosaic description the consequence of the jealousies of Oberon and Titania ;—to trace the Fairy Queen under the most fantastic of deceptions, where grace and vulgarity blend together like the Cupids and Chimeras of Raphael's Arabesques ;—and, finally, to go along with the scene till the illusions disappear—till the lovers are happy, and “ sweet bully Bottom ” is reduced to an ass of human dimensions ;—such an attempt as this would be worse even than unreverential criticism. No,—the ‘ *Midsummer-Night's Dream* ’ must be left to its own influences.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

EGEUS, *father to Hermia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

LYSANDER, *in love with Hermia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

DEMETRIUS, *in love with Hermia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

QUINCE, *the carpenter.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

SNUG, *the joiner.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

BOTTOM, *the weaver.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

FLUTE, *the bellows-mender.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

SNOUT, *the tinker.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

STARVELING, *the tailor.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

OBERON, *king of the fairies.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow, a fairy.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED,
fairies.

Appear, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, Lion, *characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.*

Appear, Act V. sc. 1.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE—ATHENS, AND A WOOD NEAR.

A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
 nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit PHIL.*]
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!^a

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius: My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid;
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power

^a The word *duke* was a corruption of the Latin *dux*, which was indiscriminately applied to any military chief. Chaucer has *duke* Theseus.—Gower, *duke* Spartacus,—Stanyhurst, *duke* Æneas. The word is also so used in our translation of the Bible.

To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is :

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,

The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,

Nor how it may concern my modesty,

In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts :

But I beseech your grace that I may know

The worst that may befall me in this case,

If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun ;

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd.

To live a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.

Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :

But earthly happier^a is the rose distill'd,

Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up

Unto his lordship,^b whose unwished yoke

My soul consents not to give sovereignty.^c

^a *Earthly happier*—more happy in an earthly sense.

^b *Lordship*—authority.

^c This is one of those elliptical expressions which frequently occur in our poet: *to* must be understood after *sovereignty*.

The. Take time to pause ; and, by the next new moon,
 (The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
 For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
 Upon that day either prepare to die,
 For disobedience to your father's will ;
 Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would ;
 Or on Diana's altar to protest,
 For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia :—And, *Lysander*, yield
 Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, *Demetrius* ;
 Let me have *Hermia's* : do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful *Lysander* ! true, he hath my love ;
 And what is mine my love shall render him ;
 And she is mine ; and all my right of her
 I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
 As well possess'd ; my love is more than his ;
 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
 If not with vantage, as *Demetrius* ;
 And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
 I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia* :
 Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius, I 'll avouch it to his head,
 Made love to *Nedar's* daughter, *Helena*,
 And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
 Upon this spotted^a and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
 And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof ;
 But, being over-full of self-affairs,
 My mind did lose it.—But, *Demetrius*, come
 And come, *Egeus* ; you shall go with me,
 I have some private schooling for you both.
 For you, fair *Hermia*, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will ;

^a *Spotted*—stained, impure ; the opposite of *spotless*.

Or else the law of Athens yields you up
 (Which by no means we may extenuate)
 To death, or to a vow of single life.
 Come, my Hippolyta: What cheer, my love?
 Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial; and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt THES., HIP., EGE., DEM., and train.*]

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain; which I could well
 Beteem^a them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth:
 But, either it was different in blood;—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
 Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
 Brief as the lightning in the collied^b night,
 That, in a spleen,^c unfolds both heaven and earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,

^a *Beteem*—pour forth.

^b *Collied*—black, smuttied.

^c *In a spleen*—in a sudden fit of passion or caprice.

It stands as an edict in destiny :
 Then let us teach our trial patience,
 Because it is a customary cross ;
 As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
 Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.^a

Lys. A good persuasion ; therefore, hear me, *Hermia*.
 I have a widow aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child ;
 From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues ;
 And she respects me as her only son.
 There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee ;
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law
 Cannot pursue us : If thou lov'st me then,
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night ;
 And in the wood, a league without the town,
 Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
 To do observance to a morn of May,
 There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander* !
 I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow ;
 By his best arrow with the golden head ;
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves ;
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves ;
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke ;
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love : Look, here comes *Helena*.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair *Helena* ! Whither away ?

Hel. Call you me fair ? that fair again unsay.

* *Fancy's followers*—the followers of Love.

Demetrius loves your fair:^a O happy fair!
 Your eyes are load-stars;^b and your tongue's sweet air
 More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
 Sickness is catching; O, were favour^c so,
 (Your words I catch,)^d fair Hermia, ere I go,
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
 The rest I 'll give to be to you translated.
 O, teach me how you look; and with what art
 You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles
 such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. 'Tis folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None. But your beauty; would that fault were
 mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my
 face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
 To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold

^a *Fair*—used as a substantive for *beauty*.

^b The *load-star* is the north star, by which sailors steered their course in the early days of navigation.

^c *Favour*—features, appearance, outward qualities.

^d It is in the repetition of the word *fair* that Helena catches the words of Hermia; but she would also catch her voice, her intonation, and her expression, as well as her words.

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
 (A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
 Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
 Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
 Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
 There my Lysander and myself shall meet :
 And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
 To seek new friends and stranger companies.^a
 Farewell, sweet playfellow ; pray thou for us,
 And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius !—
 Keep word, Lysander : we must starve our sight
 From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight. [*Ex. HER.*]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu :
 As you on him, Demetrius dote on you ! [*Exit Lys*]

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be !
 Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;
 He will not know what all but he do know.
 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities.
 Things base and vild,^b holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity.
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
 Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste ;
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :
 And therefore is love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
 So the boy love is perjur'd everywhere :
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine ;

^a *Companies* for *companions* has an example in 'Henry V. :—

"His *companies* unletter'd, rude, and shallow."

^b *Vild*—vile.

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her ; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense :
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in a Cottage.*

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, and
STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here ?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.*

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on ; then read the names of the actors ; and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll : Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus ? a lover, or a tyrant ?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

* Scrip—script—a written paper.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“ The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And *Plibbus*' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is *Ercles*' vein,^a a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That 's all one; you shall play it in a mask,^b and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too: I 'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—“ *Thisne*, *Thisne*,—Ah, *Pyramus*, my lover dear; thy *Thisby* dear! and lady dear!”

Quin. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*; and, Flute, you, *Thisby*.

^a *Ercles*—*Hercules*—was one of the roaring heroes of the rude drama which preceded Shakspeare.

^b In Shakspeare's time the parts of women were personated by men and boys. The objection of Flute, that he had “a beard coming,” was doubtless a common objection; and the remedy was equally common—“You shall play it in a mask.”

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father ; myself, Thisby's father ; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part :—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written ? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too : I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me ; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, " Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek ; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us ; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus : for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man ; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day ; a most lovely, gentleman-like man ; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night : and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight ; there we will rehearse : for if we meet in the city we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties ^a such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet ; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains ; be perfect ; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings.^b [*Exeunt.*

^a *Properties.* The person who has charge of the wooden swords, and pasteboard shields, and other trumpery required for the business of the stage, is still called the *property-man*.

^b A proverbial expression derived from the days of archery : —“ When a party was made at butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase.”



ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy on one side, and Puck on the other.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs^a upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners^b be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob^c of spirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed the queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:^d

^a *Orbs.* The *fairy rings*, as they are popularly called. It was the Fairy's office to *dew* these orbs, which had been parched under the fairy-feet in the moonlight revels.

^b *Pensioners.* These courtiers, whom Mrs. Quickly put above earls ('Merry Wives of Windsor,' Act II. Scene 2), were Queen Elizabeth's favourite attendants. They were the handsomest men of the first families.

^c *Lob*—looby, lubber, lubbard.

^d *Changeling*—a child procured in exchange.

And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her
 joy :

And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
 But they do square;^a that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making
 quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd Robin Goodfellow; are you not he,
 That frights the maidens of the villagery;
 Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern;^b
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;^c
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
 Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And "Tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe,

^a Square—to quarrel.

^b Quern—a handmill.

^c Barm—yeast.

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—

But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress :—Would that he were gone!

SCENE II.—*Enter OBERON, on the side, with his train, and TITANIA, on the other, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,^a
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain,^b or by rushy brook,

^a *Middle summer's spring.* The *spring* is the beginning—as the *spring of the day*, a common expression in our early writers. The *middle summer* is the *midsummer*.

^b *Paved fountain*—a fountain, or clear stream, rushing over pebbles; certainly not an artificially paved fountain.

Or on the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
 Have every pelting^a river made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents:^b
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
 The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;^c
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;
 The human mortals^d want; their winter here,^e
 No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd:—
 Therefore, the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound:
 And thorough this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,

^a *Pelting*—petty, contemptible.

^b *Continents*—banks. A *continent* is that which contains.

^c Upon the green turf of their commons the shepherds and ploughmen of England were wont to cut a rude series of lines, upon which they arranged eighteen stones, divided between two players, who moved them alternately, as at chess or draughts, till the game was finished by one of the players having all his pieces taken or impounded. This was the *nine men's morris*.

^d *Human mortals*. Chapman, in his 'Homer,' has an inversion of the phrase—"mortal humans."

^e The human mortals *want*. Their winter is *here*—is come—although the season is the latter summer, or autumn; and in consequence the hymns and carols which gladdened the nights of a seasonable winter are wanting to this premature one.

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set : The spring, the summer,
The childing^a autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries ; and the mazed world,
By their increase,^b now knows not which is which :
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension ;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then : it lies in you :
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.^c

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order :
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood ;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind :
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire),
Would imitate ; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy :
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us ;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

^a *Childing*—producing.

^b *Increase*—produce.

^c *Henchman*—a page ; originally a horseman.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away :
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt TITANIA and her train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this
grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither : Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd ; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow.
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white ; now, purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once ;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb : and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit Puck.*]

Obe. Having once this juice,

SCENE II.] A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
 The next thing then she waking looks upon,
 (~~Be it on~~ lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
 (As I can take it, with another herb,)
 I'll make her render up her page to me
 But who comes here? I am invisible ;
 And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia ?
 The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
 Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
 And here am I, and wood^a within this wood,
 Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant ;
 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
 Is true as steel : Leave you your power to draw,
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you ? Do I speak you fair ?
 Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
 Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you ?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
 I am your spaniel ; and, Demetrius,
 The more you beat me, I will fawn on you :
 Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
 Neglect me, lose me ; only give me leave,
 Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
 What worser place can I beg in your love,
 (And yet a place of high respect with me,)
 Than to be used as you use your dog ?

^a *Wood*—wild, mad.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do:
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph : ere he do leave this
 grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :
And with the juice of this I 'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care ; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love :
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song ;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
Some, war with rear-mice^a for their leathern wings,

^a *Rear-mice*—bats.

To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
 At our quaint spirits : Sing me now asleep ;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue, "
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
 Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
 Come not near our fairy queen :

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
 Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here ;
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence ;
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

2 *Fai.* Hence, away ; now all is well :
 One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.*]

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
 [*Squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids.*]
 Do it for thy true-love take ;
 Love and languish for his sake ;

Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [Exit.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;

And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander, find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,

Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side, no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed : Sleep give thee all his rest !

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
[*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian find I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he my master said
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Ex. DEM.*]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear:

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eyne?

But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[*Waking.*

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word

Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd:

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season;

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook

Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
 But you must flout my insufficiency?
 Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
 In such disdainful manner me to woo.
 But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
 I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
 O, that a lady of one man refus'd
 Should of another therefore be abus'd! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
 And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
 For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
 Or, as the heresies that men do leave
 Are hated most of those they did deceive;
 So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
 Of all be hated; but the most of me!
 And all my powers address your love and might
 To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [Exit.

Her. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do
 thy best
 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
 Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
 Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!
 Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:
 Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
 What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
 Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
 Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
 No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
 Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Wood. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, Bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of 'Pyramus and Thisby' that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin,^a a parlous^b fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.^c

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

^a *By'r'lakin*—by our ladykin, our little lady.

^b *Parlous*—perilous.

^c *Eight and six*—alternate verses of eight and six syllables.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet;

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. — odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear.

[*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

[*Aside.—Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand he goes but to see a noise^a that he heard, and is to come again.

^a Quince's description of Bottom going "to see a noise" is akin to Sir Toby Belch's notion of "to hear by the nose." (*Twelfth Night*, Act II. Scene 3.)

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine;—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt Clowns.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own: Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The woosel-cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,^a

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill ;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?

[*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird ?
who would give a bird the lie, though he cry “Cuckoo,”
never so ?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;

And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason
for that : And yet, to say the truth, reason and love
keep little company together now-a-days : The more the
pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them
friends. Nay, I can gleek^b upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go ;

Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit, of no common rate ;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;

^a The name of *woosel* or *ousel* expressed the blackbird in Shakespeare's day. It is used by Drayton as synonymous with the *merle* (about which there can be no doubt) in his description of the “rough woodlands” of the Warwickshire Arden.

^b *Gleek*. This verb is generally used in the sense of to *scuff* ; but we apprehend Bottom only means to say that he can *joke*.

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :
 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
 Peas-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seed !

Enter PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, and four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* And I.

All. Where shall we go.

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;
 Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;
 Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries ;
 With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;
 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
 And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise ;
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes :
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal !

2 *Fai.* Hail !

3 *Fai.* Hail !

4 *Fai.* Hail !

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb : If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman ?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good

master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Ex.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule^a now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport

^a *Night-rule*—night-revel. The old spelling of *rsuel* became *rule*; and by this corruption we obtained "the lord of mis-rule."

Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 An ass's noll^a I fixed on his head ;
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
 And forth my mimic^b comes : When they him spy,
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;
 So at his sight away his fellows fly :
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;
 He murmur cries, and help from Athens calls.
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong ;
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
 Some, sleeves ; some, hats ; from yielders all things
 catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there :
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise
 But hast thou yet latch'd^c the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
 And the Athenian woman by his side ;
 That when he wak'd of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse ;
 For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

^a *Noll*—noll, head.

^b *Mimic*—actor.

^c *Latch'd*—licked o'er.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me : Would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia ? I 'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd ; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him ;
So should a murtherer look ; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murther'd look ; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty :
Yet you, the murtherer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What 's this to my Lysander ? where is he ?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me ?

Dem. I 'd rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog ! out, cur ! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then ?
Henceforth be never number'd among men !
Oh ! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake ;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave touch !
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much ?
An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd
mood :

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood ;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore ?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so :

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein :
 Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
 So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
 For debt that bankrout sleep doth sorrow owe ;
 Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,
 If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*]

Obe. What hast thou done ? thou hast mistaken quite,
 And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight :
 Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
 Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules ; that one man holding troth,
 A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
 And Helena of Athens look thou find :
 All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer^a
 With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
 By some illusion see thou bring her here ;
 I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go ; look, how I go ;
 Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*]

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
 Hit with Cupid's archery,
 Sink in apple of his eye !
 When his love he doth espy
 Let her shine as gloriously
 As the Venus of the sky.
 When thou wak'st, if she be by
 Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
 Helena is here at hand,
 And the youth, mistook by me,
 Pleading for a lover's fee ;
 Shall we their fond pageant see ?
 Lord, what fools these mortals be !

^a *Cheer—face.*

Obe. Stand aside; the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one—
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in
scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the hodge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her
o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her
o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O, spite! O, hell! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so.
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia: this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes
The ear more quick of apprehension makes
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;
 Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
 Than all yon fiery oes^a and eyes of light.
 Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
 The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hcl. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
 To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
 Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To bait me with this foul derision?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
 But yet a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crown'd with one crest.^b

^a Oes—circles.

^b There is a double comparison here—1st, Of the *two* bodies, compared to *two* coats of heraldry; and, 2ndly, Of the *one*

And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly :
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words :
I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection ;
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd !
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back ;
Wink each at other ; hold the sweet jest up :
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well : 't is partly mine own fault ;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

Hel. O, excellent !

heart, compared to the *one* crest and the *one* owner. " Our bodies are *two*, but they are as united under *one* heart, as two coats of arms (when quartered or impaled) are borne by *one* person under *one* crest."

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat ;
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak
prayers.—

Helen, I love thee ; by my life I do ;

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,

To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no, sir :—

Seem to break loose ; take on, as you would follow ;

But yet come not : You are a tame man, go !

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr : vile thing, let
loose ;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change is
this,

Sweet love ?

Lys. Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out !

Out, loathed medicine ! O, hated poison, hence !

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth ; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond ; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you ; I 'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead ?

Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate ?

Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?

Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me ; yet, since night you left me :

Why then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer, 't is no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the
game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen.
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;^a
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she 's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,

^a *Curst*—shrewish.

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you ;
 Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
 I told him of your stealth unto this wood :
 He follow'd you ; for love, I follow'd him.
 But he hath chid me hence ; and threaten'd me
 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too :
 And now, so you will let me quiet go,
 To Athens will I bear my folly back,
 And follow you no further : Let me go :
 You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone : Who is 't that hinders you ?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander ?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid : she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir ; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she 's angry, she is keen and shrewd :
 She was a vixen when she went to school ;
 And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again ? nothing but low and little ?
 Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?
 Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf ;
 You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass^a made ;
 You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
 In her behalf that scorns your services.
 Let her alone ; speak not of Helena ;
 Take not her part : for if thou dost intend^b
 Never so little show of love to her,
 Thou shalt aby it.^c

Lys. Now she holds me not ;

^a *Knot-grass*—a low rampant herb.

^b *Intend*. This word is explained by *pretend* ; but the meaning is rather to *direct*.

^c *Aby it*—suffer for it.

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by
jole. *[Exeunt Lys. and Dem.]*

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you :
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I ;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray ;
My legs are longer though, to run away. *[Exit.]*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
[Exit, pursuing HELENA.]

Obe. This is thy negligence : still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on ?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes :
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight :
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron ;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I 'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste ;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards : damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort :
I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit OBE.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down :
I will lead them up and down :
I am fear'd in field and town ;
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? speak thou
now.

Puck. Here, villain ; drawn and ready. Where art
thou ?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then to plainer ground.

[*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;

I 'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd
'That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we 'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*]

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I 'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither ; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy
this dear,

If ever I thy face by daylight see :

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.

By day's approach look to be visited.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O, weary night, O, long and tedious night,

Abate thy hours : shine, comforts, from the east,

That I may back to Athens by daylight,

From these that my poor company detest :—

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,

Steal me awhile from mine own company. *[Sleeps]*

Puck. Yet but three ? Come one more ;

Two of both kinds makes up four.

Here she comes, curst and sad :

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers ;

I can no further crawl, no further go :

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me, till the break of day.

Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !

[Lies down]

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound :

I 'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on Lys.'s eye.]

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be
well. [*Exit PUCK.*—*DEM., HEL., &c., sleep.*



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, Fairies attending;
OBERON *behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,^a
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where 's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where 's
monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-
bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring
me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in
the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care
the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you
overflown^b with a honey-bag, signior.—Where 's mon-
sieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,^c monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What 's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur;
for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face;
and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle
me I must scratch.

^a To coy is here to caress.

^b *Overflown*, flooded—drowned.

^c *Neif*—Ast.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle Gently entwist; the female ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.^a O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*]

OBERON advances. Enter PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

^a Gifford pointed out the true meaning of this passage in his note upon a parallel passage in Ben Jonson:—

“ — behold!

How the blue bindweed doth itself enfold
With honeysuckle, and both these entwine
Themselves with bryony and jessamine.”

“In many of our counties,” says Gifford, “the woodbine is still the name for the great convolvulus.”

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be thou, as thou wast wont to be,

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. When thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes
peep.

Obe. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen,
—take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity ;
 And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
 Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly
 And bless it to all fair posterity :
 There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
 Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark ;
 I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
 Trip we after the night's shade :
 We the globe can compass soon,
 Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord ; and in our flight,
 Tell me how it came this night,
 That I sleeping here was found,
 With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
 [*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and Train.

The. Go one of you, find out the forester ;
 For now our observation is perform'd ;
 And since we have the vaward of the day,
 My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
 Uncouple in the western valley ; let them go :
 Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
 We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
 And mark the musical confusion
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
 When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
 With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, every region near
 Seem'd all one mutual cry : I never heard
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
 So flew'd, so sanded ; and their heads are hung

With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
 Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls ;
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
 Judge, when you hear.—But, soft ; what nymphs are
 these ?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep ;
 And this Lysander ; this Demetrius is ;
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :
 I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
 The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,
 Came here in grace of our solemnity.
 But, speak, Egeus ; is not this the day
 That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
 horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER,
 HERMIA, and HELENA wake and start up.

The. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is
 past ;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel to THE.*]

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies ;
 How comes this gentle concord in the world,
 That hatred is so far from jealousy,
 To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly.
 Half 'sleep, half waking : But as yet, I swear,
 I cannot truly say how I came here :
 But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
 And now I do bethink me, so it is ;)

I came with Hermia hither : our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.*

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord ; you have enough :
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me :
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood ;
And I in fury hither follow'd them ;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But, by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon :
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food :
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
Of this discourse we will hear more anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will ;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens : Three and three,

* They intended to leave Athens for some place where they
might be beyond (*without*) the perils of the Athenian law.

We 'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and *Train*.]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

Hel. So, methinks :
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,^a
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. [Are you sure
That we are awake ?] It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him ?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake ; let 's follow him ;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt*.]

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer :—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was :—Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had.—But man is but a patched fool^b if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is

^a She has found Demetrius, as a person picks up a jewel—for the moment it is his own, but its value may cause it to be reclaimed. She feels insecure in the possession of her treasure.

^b Patched fool—a fool in a particoloured coat.

not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.^a [Exit.

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No: he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

^a Probably, at the death of Thisbe.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards,^a new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred.^b In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

[Exeunt.]

^a In the first act, Bottom has told us that he will "discharge" the part of Pyramus, "in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow." He is now solicitous that the strings by which the artificial beards were to be fastened should be in good order.

^b *Preferred*—not in the sense of chosen in preference, but offered—as a suit is *preferred*.



ACT V.

SCENE I.—Athens. *An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'T is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact : One sees more devils than vast hell can hold— That is the madman : the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt : The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, And, as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination ; That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy ; Or, in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear !

Hip. But all the story of the night told over And all their minds transfigur'd so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images, And grows to something of great constancy ; But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed:

The. Come now; what masks, what dances, shall we
have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bedtime?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philstrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment* have you for this
evening?

What mask, what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*]

Lys. [*Reads.*] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be
sung,
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

The. We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lys. "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

The. That is an old device, and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

Lys. "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deccas'd in beggary."

* *Abridgment*—pastime; something that may abridge "the
lazy time." This is one explanation. Is it not, rather—what
short thing have you, of play, or mask, or music?

The. That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Lys. "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

The. Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.*
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
(Unless you can find sport in their intents,)
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]

* Snow is a common thing; and, therefore, "wonderous strange" is sufficiently antithetical—hot ice, and snow as strange.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might,^a not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome : Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.^b

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter Prologue.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think we come not to offend,

But with good will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

^a *Might.* This is not used to express power, but *will*—what one mayeth—the will for the deed.

^b *Address'd*—ready.

Consider, then, we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.*

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION, as in dumb show.

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder:

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moonshine: for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

* The Prologue is very carefully *mis-pointed* in the original editions—"a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered." Had the fellow stood "upon points" it would have read thus:—

"If we offend, it is with our good will

That you should think we come not to offend;

But with good will to show our simple skill.

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then. We come: but in despite

We do not come. As, minding to content you,

Our true intent is all for your delight.

We are not here that you should here repent you.

The actors are at hand; and, by their show,

You shall know all that you are like to know.*

This grisly beast, which by name Lion light,
 The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
 Did scare away, or rather did affright;
 And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;^a
 Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
 Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
 And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
 Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
 He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
 And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
 His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
 At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt* PROL., THISBE, LION, and MOONSHINE

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
 That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
 And such a wall as I would have you think,
 That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 Did whisper often very secretly.
 This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
 That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
 And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
 O night, which ever art when day is not!
 O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
 I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot
 And thou, O wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,
 That stands between her father's ground and mine;
 Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*

^a *Fall*—used actively.

Thanks, courteous wall : Jove shield thee well for this !

But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss ;

Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me !

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Bot. No, in truth, sir, he should not. " Deceiving me " is Thisby's cue : she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you :—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBY.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

For parting my fair Pyramus and me :

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones ;

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice ; now will I to the chink,

To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby !

This. My love ! thou art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace ;

And like Limander am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway ?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so ;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

[*Exeunt WALL, PYRAMUS, and THISBY.*]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows ; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of

themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity of my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present.

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon: Would he would change.

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion,

that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?

Lion. Oh—. [*The LION roars.—THISBE runs off.*]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion.

[*The LION tears THISBE's mantle, and exit.*]

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay;—O spite!

But mark;—Poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood?

Approach, ye furies fell!

O fates! come, come;

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus:

Ay, that left pap

Where heart doth hop.—

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light!

Moon, take thy flight!

Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.—Exit MOONSHINE.*]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.

This. Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise,

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,
 This cherry nose,
 These yellow cowslip cheeks,
 Are gone, are gone :
 Lovers, make moan !
 His eyes were green as leeks.
 O sisters three,
 Come, come to me,
 With hands as pale as milk ;
 Lay them in gore,
 Since you have shored
 With shears his thread of silk.
 Tongue, not a word :
 Come, trusty sword ;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue :
 And farewell, friends ;
 Thus Thisbe ends :
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Dies.

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask^a dance, between two of our company ?

The. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy : and so it is, truly ; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of Clowns.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve :—

Lovers to bed : 't is almost fairy time.

I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

^a An Italian dance, after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's^a team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent, with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.

Obc. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire ;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it, trippingly.

^a Marlowe, Middleton, and Golding also use *Hecate* as a dissyllable. In Spenser and Jonson we find *Hécâté*.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote :
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be :
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be ;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait ;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace ;
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away ;
Make no stay :
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Excunt* OBERON, TITANIA, and Train.]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends.
And Robin shall restore amends.

[Exit.



End of
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.





TAMING
OF THE
SHREW







'THE TAMING OF THE SHREW' was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspeare's Plays in 1623. In 1594 'A plesant conceited Historie called the Taming of a Shrew' was printed. This play, it is thought, preceded Shakspeare's 'Taming of *the* Shrew.' This comedy of some unknown author opens with an Induction, the characters of which are a Lord, Slie, a Tapster, Page, Players, and Huntsmen. The incidents are precisely the same as those of the play which we call Shakspeare's. The scene of 'The Taming of a Shrew' is laid at Athens; that of Shakspeare's at Padua. The Athens of the one and the Padua of the other are resorts of learning. Alfonso, a merchant of Athens, (the Baptista of Shakspeare,) has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son of the Duke of Cestus (Sestos), is enamoured of one, Polidor of another, and Ferando (the Petrucio of Shakspeare) of Kate, the Shrew. The merchant hath sworn, before he will allow his two younger daughters to be addressed by suitors, that

"His eldest daughter first shall be espons'd."

The wooing of Kate by Ferando is exactly in the same spirit as the wooing by Petrucio; so is the marriage; so the lenten entertainment of the bride in Ferando's

country-house; so the scene with the Tailor and Haberdasher; so the prostrate obedience of the tamed Shrew. The under-plot, however, is different. But all parties are ultimately happy and pleased; and the comedy ends with the wager, as in Shakspeare, about the obedience of the several wives. This undoubted resemblance involves some necessity for conjecture, with very little guide from evidence. The first and most obvious hypothesis is, that 'The Taming of a Shrew' was an older play than Shakspeare's; and that he borrowed from that comedy. But we propose another theory. Was there not an older play than 'The Taming of a Shrew,' which furnished the main plot, some of the characters, and a small part of the dialogue, both to the author of 'The Taming of a Shrew' and the author of 'The Taming of the Shrew?' This play we may believe, without any violation of fact or probability, to have been used as the rude material for both authors to work upon. Whether the author or improver of the play printed in 1594 be Marlowe or Greene (to each of whom the comedy has been assigned), there can be little question as to the characteristic superiority of Shakspeare's work.

But there is a third theory—that of Tieck—that 'The Taming of a Shrew' was a youthful work of Shakspeare himself. To our minds that play is totally different from the imagery and the versification of Shakspeare.

Shakspeare's 'Taming of the Shrew' was produced in a "taming" age. Men tamed each other by the axe and the fagot; parents tamed their children by

the rod and the ferule, as they stood or knelt in trembling silence before those who had given them life; and, although England was then called the "paradise of women," and, as opposed to the treatment of horses, they were treated "obsequiously," husbands thought that "taming," after the manner of Petrucio, by oaths and starvation, was a commendable fashion.

We are—the happier our fortune—living in an age when this practice of Petrucio is not universally considered orthodox; and we owe a great deal to him who has exhibited the secrets of the "taming school" with so much spirit in this comedy, for the better belief of our age, that violence is not to be subdued by violence. Pardon be for him, if, treading in the footsteps of some predecessor whose sympathies with the peaceful and the beautiful were immeasurably inferior to his own, and sacrificing something to the popular appetite, he should have made the husband of a froward woman "kill her in her own humour," and bring her upon her knees to the abject obedience of a revolted but penitent slave:—

"A foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord."

Pardon for *him*? If there be one reader of Shakspeare, and especially if that reader be a female, who cherishes *unmixed* indignation when Petrucio, in his triumph, exclaims—

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speak"—

we would say,—the indignation which you feel, and in which thousands sympathise, belongs to the age in which you live; but the principle of justice, and of

justice to women above all, from which it springs, has been established, more than by any other lessons of human origin, by him who has now moved your anger. It is to him that woman owes, more than to any other human authority, the popular elevation of the feminine character, by the most matchless delineations of its purity, its faith, its disinterestedness, its tenderness, its heroism, its union of intellect and sensibility. It is he that, as long as the power of influencing mankind by high thoughts, clothed in the most exquisite language, shall endure, will preserve the ideal elevation of women pure and unassailable from the attacks of coarseness or libertinism,—ay, and even from the degradation of the example of the crafty and worldly-minded of their own sex:—for it is he that has delineated the ingenuous and trusting Imogen, the guileless Perdita, the impassioned Juliet, the heart-stricken but loving Desdemona, the generous and courageous Portia, the unconquerable Isabella, the playful Rosalind, the world-unknowing Miranda. Shakspeare may have exhibited one froward woman wrongly tamed; but who can estimate the number of those from whom his all-penetrating influence has averted the curse of being froward?



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

PETRUCIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to
Katharina.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV.
sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

GREMIO, *a suitor to Bianca.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

HORTENSIO, *a suitor to Bianca.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.*

TRANIO, *servant to Lucentio.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

BIONDELLO, *servant to Lucentio.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

GRUMIO, *servant to Petrucio.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2.*

CURTIS, *servant to Petrucio.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

Pedant, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

KATHARINA, *the shrew daughter to Baptista.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV.
sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

BIANCA, *sister to Katharina, and daughter to
Baptista.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

Widow.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

*Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on
Baptista and Petrucio.*

SCENE—SOMETIMES IN PADUA; AND SOMETIMES IN
PETRUCIO'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.



THE
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker.

Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants.

SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I 'll pheese^a you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;^b let the world slide: *Sesaa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?^c

Sly. No, not a denier: Go—by S. Jeronimy—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

^a *Pheese.* Gifford affirms that this is a common word in the west of England, meaning to beat, to chastise, to humble.

^b *Paucas pallabris*—*pocas palabras*—few words, as they have it in Spain. *Sesaa*, in the same way, is the *cesa* of the Spaniards—be quiet.

^c *Burst*—broken.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough.^a [*Exit.*]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law : I'll not budge an inch, boy ; let him come, and kindly. [*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*]

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds :

Brach^b Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd ;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault ?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord ;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent :
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool ; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all ;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here ? one dead, or drunk ? See,
doth he breathe ?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord : Were he not warm'd
with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

^a *Thirdborough*—a petty constable—appears, in recent times, to have been peculiar to Warwickshire : "There are in several counties of this realm other officers ; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our constables ; as, in Warwickshire, a *thirdborough*."

^b *Brach*. In 'Lear' Shakspeare uses this word as indicating a dog of a particular species. But he in other places employs it in the way indicated in an old book on sports,—'The Gentleman's Recreation.'—"A brach is a manerly name for all hound."

Lord. O monstrous beast ! how like a swine he lies !
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image !
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself ?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he
wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest :
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures :
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound,
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command ?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers ;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will 't please your lordship cool your
hands ?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
Another tell him of his hounds and home,
And that his lady mourns at his disease :
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic ;
And, when he says he is —,* say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

* And, when he says he is —. The dash is here clearly intended to indicate a blank. It is as if the lord had said, " And when he says he is *So* and *So*," when he tells his name.

This do, and do it kindly,* gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sirx. A trumpet sounds.*]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds:

[*Exit Servant.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An 't please your honour, players,
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart,—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—

'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 't was Soto that your honour means

Lord. 'T is very true;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time;

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

* *Kindly*—naturally.

But I am doubtful of your modesties ;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery
And give them friendly welcome every one :
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players*

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew, my page, [*To a Servant.*
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished :
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;
And say,—What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love ?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift ;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Servant.*
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
 I long to call the drunkard husband;
 And my men stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly. Call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour! O, that a mighty man of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I

Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath;^a by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,^b if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not be-straught:^c Here 's—

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

^a Burton-on-the-Heath is a small village on the borders of Warwickshire and Oxfordshire. In 'Domesday Book,' according to Dugdale, it is written *Bertone*—so that the *Barton* of the text may be correct.

^b We believe that in this passage, as in 'Henry IV., Part II,' the place to which Shakspeare alludes is the hamlet of *Wilmecote*, anciently *Wykmynote*, about three miles to the north of Stratford, in the parish of Aston Cantlow. *Wilmecote* is a straggling village with a few old houses, amongst whose secluded folds our poet, no doubt, passed many of his boyish hours.

^c *Be-straught*, synonymous with *distracted*, *distracted*.

Above the morning lark : Or wilt thou hunt ?
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are
 as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch thee
 straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook ;
 And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
 Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We 'll show thee Io, as she was a maid ;
 And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
 As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood ;
 Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds :
 And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
 Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
 Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,
 She was the fairest creature in the world ;
 And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
 Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now ?
 I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;
 I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :—
 Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;
 And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
 And, once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash your
 hands ?

[*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
 O, that once more you knew but what you are!
 These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
 Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years? by my fay, a goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
 Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door:
 And rail upon the hostess of the house;
 And say, you would present her at the leet,
 Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:^a
 Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—
 As Stephen Sly, and Old John Naps of Greece,
 And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
 And twenty more such names and men as these,
 Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
 Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
 My men should call me lord; I am your goodman.

^a At the *leet*, or *court-leet*, of a manor, the jury presented those who used false wrights and measures; and, amongst others, those who, like the "fat ale-wife of Winecot," used jugs of irregular capacity instead of the *sealed* or *licensed* quart.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'T is much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again.
I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet:
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play: Is it not a comedy,
a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we 'll see 't :

Come, madam wife, sit by my side,

And let the world slip ; we shall ne'er be younger.*

[*They sit down.*]

* We print these lines as in the original, where they stand as verse. Are they not a portion of an old song, and intended to be sung ?



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A public Place.**Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

Luc. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
 I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
 The pleasant garden of great Italy;
 And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
 With his good will, and thy good company,
 My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
 Here let us breathe, and haply^a institute
 A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
 Gave me my being, and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffic through the world,
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
 Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:^b
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply, that treats of happiness
 By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
 Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
 And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
 A shallow splash, to plunge him in the deep,
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

^a *Haply*—in the sense of *probably*.^b Pisa gave me my being, and also first gave my father being—that father was Vincentio, &c. It shall become Vincentio's son, that he may fulfil the hopes conceived of him, to deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Balk^a logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and
HORTENSIO. *LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,

^a *Balk.* Tranio draws a distinction between the dry and the agreeable of the liberal sciences. *Balk* logic—pass over logic—with your acquaintance, but practise rhetoric in your common talk;—*use* (in the legitimate sense of resorting to frequently) music and poetry to quicken you, but fall to mathematics and metaphysics as you find your inclination serves.

Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She 's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [*to BAP.*] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?*

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime
toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your
fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat;^b 't is best
Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

* A *stale* is a thing *stalled*—exposed for common sale. Baptista has offered Katharina to Gremio and Hortensio, "either of you;" and she is justly indignant at being set up for the bidding of these companions.

^b *Peat*—pet, spoiled child.

My books and instruments shall be my company ;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio ! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.
[*Aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd :
Go in, Bianca. [Exit BIANCA.

And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, signior Gremio, you know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning^a men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up ;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay ;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too. May I not ?
What, shall I be appointed hours ; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave ? Ha ! [Exit.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam ; your gifts are
so good here's none will hold you. Their love is not
so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails toge-
ther, and fast it fairly out ; our cake's dough on both
sides. Farewell :—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet
Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to
teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him^b to
her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio : But a word, I pray.
Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked

^a *Cunning*—knowing, learned.

^b *Wish him*—commend him.

parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What 's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool as to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till, by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. [*Exeunt GRE. and HOR.*]

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,

I found the effect of love in idleness :
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl :
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst ;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
Affection is not rated from the heart :
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward, this contents ;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more ? mark'd you not, how her
sister
Began to scold ; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air ;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his
trance.

I pray, awake, sir : If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands :—
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home ;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he !

But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 't is plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,

Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid :

That 's your device.

Luc. It is : May it be done ?

Tra. Not possible. For who shall bear your part,
And he in Padua here Vincentio's son ?
Keep house, and ply his book ; welcome his friends ;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. Basta ; content thee ; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house ;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master : then it follows thus ;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,^a and servants, as I should :
I will some other be ; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd, and shall be so :—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak :^b
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,

^a Port—state, show.

^b Colour'd hat and cloak. Servants formerly wore clothes of sober hue—black or sad-colour ; their masters bore about the hues of the rainbow in their doublets and mantles, and hats and feathers. Such gay vestments were called emphatically *coloured*.

Although, I think, 't was in another sense,) I am content to be Lucentio, Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves : And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been ?

Bion. Where have I been ? Nay, how now, where are you ?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes ? Or you stol'n his ? or both ? pray, what 's the news ?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither ; 't is no time to jest, And therefore frame your manners to the time. Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life, Puts my apparel and my countenance on, And I for my escape have put on his ; For in a quarrel, since I came ashore, I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried. Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes, While I make way from hence to save my life ; You understand me ?

Bion. I, sir ? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ; Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him. 'Would I were so too !

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter. But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies :

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ; But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let 's go :— One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;

To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me
why,—

Sufficieth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*The Presenters above speak.*)

1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely.
Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 't is but begun.

Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady
'Would 't were done! [*They sit and mark.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir,
that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should
knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll wring it;
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what 's the matter?—My old

friend Grumio! and my good friend Petrucio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,
 Molto honorato signor mio Petrucio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 't is no matter, what he 'leges^a in Latin.
 —If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two-and-thirty,—a pip out?

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
 Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio
 I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
 And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O Heavens!
 Spake you not these words plain,—“Sirrah, knock me
 here,

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly”?
 And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petrucio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
 Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
 Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.
 And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
 Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
 world,
 To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
 Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
 Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
 Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
 And I have thrust myself into this maze,

^a 'Leges—alleges.

Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petrucio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife ?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel :
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich :—but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice : and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petrucio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas ;
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his
mind is : Why, give him gold enough and marry him
to a puppet, or an aglet-baby ;^a or an old trot with ne'er
a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases
as two-and-fifty horses : why, nothing comes amiss, so
money comes withal.

Hor. Petrucio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petrucio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous ;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :
Her only fault (and that is faults enough)
Is,—that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward : so beyond all measure,

^a *Aglet baby.* *Aglet* is *arguilette*—a point. The *baby* was a small carving on the point which carried the lace.

That, were my state far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gr. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour
lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do,
she would think scolding would do little good upon
him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves,
or so: why, that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll
rail in his rope-tricks. I 'll tell you what, sir,—an she
stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face,
and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no
more eyes to see withal than a cat:^a you know him
not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petrucio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,

^a Grumio was not a person to be very correct in his similes.

That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!

A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petrucio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music,^a to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with
books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!
Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; it is the rival of my love:—
Petrucio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[They retire.]

Gre. O, very well: I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

^a *Well seen in music*—well versed.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you 're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow
you,

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry.

And other books.—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'T is well: and I have met a gentleman,

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside*

Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love;

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;

And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange:

But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name;
 You shall have me assisting you in all.
 But, will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I 'll hang her. [*Aside.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, pull'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
 That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
 Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.*

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
 My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
 And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoever.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*

Enter TRANIO, bravely appareled; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! if I may be bold,
 Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is 't he
 you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have you to do?

* *Fear boys with bugs*—frighten boys with hobgoblins.

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let 's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she 's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he 'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed :
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest ;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,*
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let 's be-
gone.

Hor. The motion 's good indeed, and be it so ;—
Petrucio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.]

* *Contrive this afternoon*—wear away the afternoon.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself, ¶
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: But for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself;
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest: Is 't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her,

For shame, thou hilding,^a of a devilish spirit,
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after* BIANCA.]

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit* BIANCA.]

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
 She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
 I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
 And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.^b
 Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
 Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit* KATH.]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
 But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean
 man; PETRUCIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician;
 and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and
 books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save
 you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a
 daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.
 I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
 That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
 Her affability, and bashful modesty,
 Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
 Am bold to show myself a forward guest

^a *Hilding*—a mean-spirited person.

^b A proverbial expression, applied to the ill-used class of old
 maids.

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine, [*Presenting* HOR.
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petrucio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petrucio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare!^a you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain
be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your
wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.
To express the like kindness myself, that have been
more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give
unto you this young scholar, [*presenting* LUCENTIO]
that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning
in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in
music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray
accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome,
good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*to* TRANIO] methinks

^a *Baccare*—a word once in common use, meaning *go back*.

you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister: This liberty is all that I request,— That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, And free access and favour as the rest. And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books: If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report I know him well: you are very welcome, sir. Take you [*to HOR.*] the lute, and you [*to LUC.*] the set of books, You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both. These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HOR., LUC., and BION.*]
We will go walk a little in the orchard, And then to dinner: You are passing welcome, And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste, And every day I cannot come to woo.*

* The burthen of an old ballad, called 'The Ingenious Braggadocio,' was

"And I cannot come every day to woo."

You knew my father well ; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :
Then tell me,—If I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands :
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood,*—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever :
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
So I to her, and so she yields to me ;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy
speed !

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

* *Her widowhood.* *Widowhood* must here mean, not the condition of a widow, but the property to which the widow would be entitled. Petrucio would assure Katharina of a widow's full provision in all his "lands and leases." He would not "bar dower,"—by fine and recovery.

Hor. I think, she 'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume with them:"

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited;
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petrucio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt BAP., GRE., TRA., and HOR.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks
As though she bid me stay by her a week;

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married :—
But here she comes ; and now, Petrucio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate ; for that 's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of
hearing ;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates ; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd
you hither

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what 's a moveable ?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate ! I will not burthen thee :
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be ? should ? buz !^a

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take thee ?

^a *Buz* is an interjection of ridicule.

Kath. Ay, for a turtle ; as he takes a buzzard^a.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp ; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting ?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue ?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails ; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail ? nay, come again.

Good Kate ; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I 'll try. [*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms :

If you strike me you are no gentleman ;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate ? O put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.^a

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here 's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face ?

^a *Craven.* A *craven* cock, and a *craven* knight, were each contemptible. The knight who had *craven*, or *craved*, life from an antagonist, was branded with the name which he had uttered in preferring safety to honour.

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'T is with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.

'T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,

Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go; fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And, therefore, settin'g all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you, nilly you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me ;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate ;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father ; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petrucio : How speed you with
my daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ? in your
dumps ?

Kath. Call you me daughter ? now I promise
you,

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 't is thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her ;
If she be curst, it is for policy :
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel ;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity :
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petrucio ! she says she 'll see thee
hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? nay, then, good night
our part !

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
 If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?
 'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.
 I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
 How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
 She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 O, you are novices! 't is a world to see,
 How tame, when men and women are alone.
 A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
 Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests:
 I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
 hands;
 God send you joy, Petrucio! 't is a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
 I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
 And kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PET. and KATH. severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you;
 'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
 Now is the day we long have looked for;
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 't is age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:

'T is deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,*
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;

* *Counterpoints* and *counterpanes* are the same. These coverlets were composed of counter panes or points, of various colours, contrasting with each other.

Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What ! have I pinched you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land !

My land amounts not to so much in all :

That she shall have ; besides an argosy,

That now is lying in Marseilles' road.

What ! have I chok'd you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies ; besides two galliasses,^a
And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all ; I have no more ;
And she can have no more than all I have.

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best ;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd :—

On Sunday next you know

My daughter Katharine is to be married :

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;

If not, to signior Gremio :

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not ;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age.

Set foot under thy table : Tut ! a toy !

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

^a *Galliass*—galley, galleon, galleot, were vessels of burthen navigated both with sails and oars.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.^a
'T is in my head to do my master good :—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that 's a wonder : fathers, commonly,
Do get their children ; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Ex.*

^a *Card of ten*—a proverbial expression.



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir ;
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass ! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice :
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?

[*To* BIANCA.—*HORTENSIO retires.*

Luc. That will be never ;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :—

Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*]

Bian. Let's hear ;—

[*HORTENSIO plays.*]

O fie ! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not ;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 't is now in tune.

Luc.

All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 't is the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !

Now, for my life the knave doth court my love :

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not ; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master ; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt :

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you :—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*to LUCENTIO*] and give me leave awhile ;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,

And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd,*

Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Aside.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art ;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade ;
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [Reads.] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*

A re, to plead *Hortensio's passion ;*

B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*

C fa ut, *that loves with all affection ;*

D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I ;*

E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*

Call you this gamut ? tut ! I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your
books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up ;

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both ; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt BIANCA and Serv.*

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant ;

Methinks, he looks as though he were in love :

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,

Seize thee that list : If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

* But I be deceiv'd--unless I be deceived.

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LU-
CENTIO, *and* Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*to* TRANIO] this is the
'pointed day
That Katharine and Petrucio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law :
What will be said ? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage !
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

Kath. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be
forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen ;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour :
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns ;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—“ Lo, there is mad Petrucio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.”

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too ;
Upon my life, Petrucio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word :
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him, though !

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA, *and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petrucio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petrucio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points:^a His horse hipped with an old mothly saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,^b full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,^c which hath

^a *Two broken points.* The *points* were amongst the most costly and elegant parts of the dress of Elizabeth's time; and to have *two broken* was certainly indicative of more than ordinary slovenliness.

^b *Fashions*—the farcins, or farcy.

^c *Velure*—velvet.

two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock^a on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and "The humour of forty fancies" pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petrucio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petrucio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that 's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company;

^a *Stock*—stocking.

As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day :
First were we sad, fearing you would not come ;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie ! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress ;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate ? I stay too long from her ;
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes ;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me ; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done with
words ;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes :
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

[*Exeunt PET., GRU., and BION.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire :
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*]

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking : Which to bring to pass,

As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we 'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We 'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.

Gre. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I 'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest ;
 "Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again ?

Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamp'd, and
 swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine :—"A health," quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm :—Quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;

Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming :

Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*]

*Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
 HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
 pains :

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come :

Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business

You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :

Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.*

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir, there lies your way,

You may be jogging whiles your boots are green ;

For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself :

'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee ; prithee be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do ?

Father, be quiet : he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir : now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :

I see, a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her :

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves ;

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

* Horse is here used in the plural.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own :
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything ;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate
I 'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., and GRU.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly I should die with
laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petrucio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bride-
groom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast ;

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it ?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Petrucio's Country House.**Enter GRUMIO.*

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?^a was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress, and myself,^b fellow Curtis.

- Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a

^a *Rayed*—covered with mire, sullied.

^b *Myself.* Grumio, calling himself a beast, has also called Curtis *fellow*,—hence the offence.

foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!"^a and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,^b the carpets laid,^c and everything in order?

Curt. All ready. And, therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt. And thereby hangs a tale.

^a The first words of a round for four voices, printed, in 1609, in a musical work, entitled '*Pammelia, Musickes Miscellanie; or Mixed Varietie of Pleasant Roundelayers and delightful Catches*,' &c.

^b Jacks were leathern drinking-vessels—jills, cups or measures of metal. The leathern jugs were to be kept clean within—the pewter ones bright without. But Grumio is quibbling upon the application of *Jills* to maids, and *Jacks* to men.

^c *Carpets laid*—to cover the tables. The floors were strewed with rushes.

Curt. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Striking him.*]

Curt. This 't is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 't is called, a sensible tale : and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin : *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress :

Curt. Both on one horse ?

Gru. What 's that to thee ?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale :—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse ; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place : how she was bemoiled ;* how he left her with the horse upon her ; how he beat me because her horse stumbled ; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me ; how he swore ; how she prayed, that never prayed before ; how I cried ; how the horses ran away ; how her bridle was burst ; how I lost my crupper ; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay ; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this ?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit : let them curtsy with their left legs ; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

* *Bemoiled*—bemired.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio?

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: how near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door, To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! You loggerheaded and unpolished grooms! What, no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Hefe, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
 And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
 There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
 And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
 There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
 Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

"Where is the life that late I led"^a— [Sings.

Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud!^b

Re-enter Servants, with Supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
 Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

"It was the friar of orders grey," [Sings.

As he forth walked on his way:"—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate:—Some water here; what, ho!

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
 And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither: [*Ex. Serv.*
 One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
 with.

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[*A basin is presented to him.*]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—

[*Servant lets the ewer fall*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*]

^a In 'A Handeful of Pleasant Delites,' 1584, this is the title of a "new Sonet."

^b These words are thought to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What is this? mutton?

1 Serv.

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it?

1 Serv.

I.

Pet. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[Throws the meat, &c., about the stage.]
You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt PET., KATH., and CURT.]

Nath. *[Advancing.]* Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exit.]

Re-enter PETRUCIO.

Pet. Thus have I politiciely begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully :
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,*
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed ;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her ;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-strong humour :
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak ; 't is charity to show. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Padua. *Before* Baptista's House.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

* *To man my haggard—to tame my wild hawk.*

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

[*They retire.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite for-
sworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
 I will be married to a wealthy widow
 Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
 As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
 And so farewell, signior Lucentio.
 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
 Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
 In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit HOR.—LUC. and BIAN. advance.]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
 As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
 Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
 And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn
 me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he 'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a
 place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petrucio is the master;
 That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
 To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLIO, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
 That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied
 An ancient angle^a coming down the hill,
 Will serve the turn.

^a *Angle*. An *angle* is a bait, allurement; and, in the sense of the passage before us, is also one who may be allured, deceived. An *engle*, in the old writers, is a gull.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt LUC. and BIAN.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard

Tra. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'T is marvel; but that you are but newly come.
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been ;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio ?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him ;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all
one. [*Aside.*]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake ;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should ;
You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city :
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand ;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you :
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Petrucio's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no ; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :
What, did he marry me to famish me ?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :

But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'T were deadly sickness, or else present death.
I prithee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the
mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCIO, with a dish of meat; and HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweating, all
amort?*

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

* *All amort*—dispirited.

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love ; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[Sets the dish on a table.]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word ? Nay, then thou lov'st it not ;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof :
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petrucio, fie ! you are to blame :
Come, mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.

[Aside.]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !
Kate, eat apace ;—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house ;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things ;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd ? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir ?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;
A velvet dish ;—fie, fie ! 't is lewd and filthy ;
Why, 't is a cockle, or a walnutshell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I 'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,^a a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she 's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I 'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

^a *Custard-coffin.* The crust of a pie was called the coffin.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet
of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread !
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd ; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction :
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order ; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast faced ^a many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me : thou hast braved ^b many men ;
brave not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I
say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown ; but
I did not bid him cut it to pieces : *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis*, "a loose-bodied gown :"

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew
me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a
bottom of brown thread : I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

^a *Faced*—made facings.

^b *Braved*—made fine.

Tai. "With a small compassed cape;"

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. "With a trunk sleeve;"

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there 's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again: and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—
[*Aside.*

Go, take it hence; begone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow. Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two;
And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I
call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you : But, sir, here comes your boy ;
'T were good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you ;
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice ;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow ; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista :—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :—

Sir, [*to the Pedant*] this is the gentleman I told you of :
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And,—for the good report I hear of you ;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd ; and,—if you pleas'd to like
No worse than I,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;
For curious* I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say ;—
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here

* *Curious*—scrupulous.

Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done :
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know
best,

We be affied ; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still ;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you :
There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well :
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well : Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened :
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife !

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my
heart !

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer ;
Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap.

I follow you.

[*Exeunt TRA., PED., and BAP.*]

Bion. Cambio,

Luc.

What say'st thou, Biondello ?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell: expect^a they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her; It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

^a *Expect*—believe—think—they are busied, &c.

SCENE V.—*A public Road.*

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward
our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon:

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd: nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petrucio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should
run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft! Company is coming here!

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress

Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where away? [*To VIN.*
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,

Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make
known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio: my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: wonder not,

Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt PET., KATH., and VIN.*]

Hor. Well, Petrucio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*]



ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA ;
GREMIO walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir ; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello : but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back ; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[Exeunt LUC., BIAN., and BION.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more toward the market-place ; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go ; I think I shall command your welcome here, And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. *[Knocks.]*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above at a window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate ?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir ?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal ?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself ; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in

Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To VINCENT.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing BION.*

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed?

[*Beats BION.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*

Pet. Prithce, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!^a—O, I am undone, I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now? what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what cerns^b it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio, and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name: O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son, Lucentio.

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an Officer.*] Carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

^a *Copatain-hat*—high-crowned hat.

^b *Cerns* means *concerns*.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard : to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd.
O monstrous villain !

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is ; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son ?

[*BION., TRA., and Ped. run out*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended ?

Where is Lucentio ?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio ;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here 's packing with a witness, to deceive us all !

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so ?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio ?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town ;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss :

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to ;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir ? [*To LUCENTIO.*] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will ?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista ; we will content you : go to : But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca ; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt LUC. and BIAN.*

Gre. My cake is dough :^a But I 'll in among the rest ; Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street ?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me ?

Kath. No, sir ; God forbid :—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let 's home again :—Come, sirrah, let 's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss : now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well ?—Come, my sweet Kate ; Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lucentio's House.*

A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree ; And time it is, when raging war is done,

^a *My cake is dough.* This proverbial expression is used in 'Howell's Letters, to express the disappointment of the heir-presumptive of France when Louis XIV. was born : " So that now Monsieur's cake is dough."

To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
 My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
 While I with self-same kindness welcome thine :
 Brother Petrucio,—sister Katharina,—
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
 After our great good cheer : Pray you, sit down ;
 For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petrucio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.*

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense ;

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me !—How likes Hortensio that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended : Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round :—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

* The use of *fear* in the active and passive sense is here exemplified.

Hor. To her, widow !

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That 's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer :—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt ? an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you ?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me ; therefore I 'll sleep
again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not ; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow :—
You are welcome all. [*Ex. BIAN., KATH., and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not ;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-
hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself ;
'T is thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petrucio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here ?

Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess ;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petrucio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no : and, therefore, for assurance,
Let 's each one send unto his wife ;
And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first, when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content : What 's the wager ?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns !

I 'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match ; 't is done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.]

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I 'll have no halves ; I 'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now ! what news ?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How ! she 's busy, and she cannot come !
Is that an answer ?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too :
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [Exit BIONDELLO.]

Pet. O, ho ! entreat her !

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where 's my wife ?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand ;
She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say I command her come to me. [*Exit GRUMIO.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit KATH.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petrucio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns!
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*KATH. pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
 I am asham'd, that women are so simple
 To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
 But now, I see our lances are but straws;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
 And place your hands below your husbands' foot:
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease!

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me,
 Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt
 ha't.

Vin. 'T is a good hearing, when children are to-
 ward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;^a

[*To LUCENTIO.*]

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt PET. and KATH.*]

^a *Hit the white*—a term in archery.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.^a

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [Exeunt.]

^a *Shrew.* It would appear from this couplet, and another in this scene, where *shrew* rhymes to *woe*, that *shrow* was the old pronounciation.

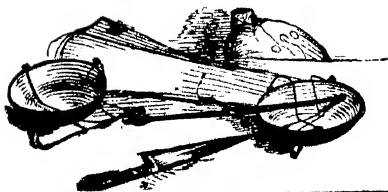


End of
The Taming of the Shrew.



THE MERCHANT OF

VENICE







'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,' like 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,' was first printed in 1600; and it had a further similarity to that play from the circumstance of two editions appearing in the same year—the one bearing the name of a publisher, Thomas Heyes, the other that of a printer, J Roberts. The play was not reprinted till it appeared in the folio of 1623. In that edition there are a few variations from the quartos. All these editions present the internal evidence of having been printed from correct copies. 'The Merchant of Venice' is one of the plays of Shakspeare mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598, and it is the last mentioned in his list.

Stephen Gosson, who, in 1579, was moved to publish a tract called 'The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillars of the commonwealth,' thus describes a play of his time:—"The Jew, shown at the Bull, representing the greedyness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers." Whatever might have been the plot of 'The Jew' mentioned by Gosson, the story of the bond was ready to Shakspeare's hand, in a ballad to which Warton first drew attention. He considers that the ballad was written before 'The Merchant of Venice.' But this ballad of 'Gernutus' wants that remarkable feature of the play, the intervention of Portia to save the life of the Merchant; and this, to our minds, is the strongest confirmation that the ballad *preceded* the comedy. Shakspeare found that incident

in the source from which the ballad-writer professed to derive his history :—

“ In Venice towne not long agoe,
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As *Italian writers* tell.”

It was from an Italian writer, Ser Giovanni, the author of a collection of tales called ‘*Il Pecorone*,’ written in the fourteenth century, and first published at Milan in 1558, that Shakspeare unquestionably derived some of the incidents of his story, although he might be familiar with another version of the same tale.

“It is well known,” says Mrs. Jameson, “that ‘*The Merchant of Venice*’ is founded on two different tales; and in weaving together his double plot in so masterly a manner, Shakspeare has rejected altogether the character of the astutious lady of Belmont, with her magic potions, who figures in the Italian novel. With yet more refinement, he has thrown out all the licentious part of the story, which some of his cotemporary dramatists would have seized on with avidity, and made the best or the worst of it possible; and he has substituted the trial of the caskets from another source.”* That source is the ‘*Gesta Romanorum*.’

In dealing with the truly dramatic subject of the forfeiture of the bond, Shakspeare had to choose between one of two courses that lay open before him. The ‘*Gesta Romanorum*’ did not surround the debtor and the creditor with any prejudices. We hear nothing of one being a Jew, the other a Christian. There is a remarkable story told by Gregorio Leti, in his ‘*Life of*

* *Characteristics of Women*, vol. i. p. 72.

Pope Sixtus the Fifth,' in which the debtor and creditor of 'The Merchant of Venice' change places. The debtor is the Jew,—the revengeful creditor the Christian; and this incident is said to have happened at Rome in the time of Sir Francis Drake. This, no doubt, was a pure fiction of Leti, whose narratives are by no means to be received as authorities; but it shows that he felt the intolerance of the old story, and endeavoured to correct it, though in a very inartificial manner. Shakspeare took the story as he found it in those narratives which represented the popular prejudice. If he had not before him the ballad of 'Germutus,' (upon which point it is difficult to decide,) he had certainly access to the tale of the '*Pecorone*.' If he had made the contest connected with the story of the bond between two of the same faith, he would have lost the most powerful hold which the subject possessed upon the feelings of an audience two centuries and a half ago. If he had gone directly counter to those feelings, (supposing that the story which Leti tells had been known to him, as some have supposed,) his comedy would have been hooted from the stage.

'The Prioress's Tale' of Chaucer belonged to the period when the Jews were robbed, maimed, banished, and most foully vilified, with the universal consent of the powerful and the lowly, the learned and the ignorant:—

" There was in Asie, in a gret citee,
 Amonges Cristen folk a Jewerie,
 Sustened by a lord of that contree,
 For foul usure, and lucre of vilanie,
 Hateful to Crist, and to his compaignie."

It was scarcely to be avoided in those times that even

Chaucer, the most genuine and natural of poets, should lend his great powers to the support of the popular belief that Jews ought to be proscribed as—

“Hateful to Crist, and to his compaignie.”

But we ought to expect better things when we reach the times in which the principles of religious liberty were at least germinated. And yet what a play is Marlowe's ‘Jew of Malta,’—undoubtedly one of the most popular plays even of Shakspeare's day, judging as we may from the number of performances recorded in Henslowe's papers! That drama, as compared with ‘The Merchant of Venice,’ has been described by Charles Lamb, with his usual felicity:—“Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakspeare's as his Edward II. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. ‘If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?’ Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose, to please the rabble. He kills in sport—poisons whole nunneries—invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners, *by the Royal command*, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the cabinet.” ‘The Jew of Malta’ was written essentially upon an intolerant principle. ‘The Merchant of Venice,’ whilst it seized upon the prejudices of the multitude, and dealt with them as a foregone conclusion by which the whole dramatic action was to be governed, had the intention of making those prejudices as hateful as the reaction of cruelty and revenge of which they are the cause.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

PRINCE OF ARRAGON, *sailor to Portia.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 9.

PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *sailor to Portia.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7.

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 6. Act III. sc. 3.

Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

BASSANIO, *friend to Antonio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

SOLANIO, *friend to Antonio and Bassanio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 8. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Act IV. sc. 1.

SALARINO, *friend to Antonio and Bassanio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 8.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.

GRATIANO, *friend to Antonio and Bassanio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2.

Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

Act II. sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Act IV. sc. 1.

TUBAL, *a Jew, friend to Shylock.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a clown, servant to Shylock.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 1.*

Old GOBBO, *father to Launcelot.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

BALTHAZAR, *servant to Portia.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

STEPHANO, *servant to Portia.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 9.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.*

NERISSA, *waiting-maid to Portia.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 9.
Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.*

JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 1.*

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,
Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE—PARTLY AT VENICE; AND PARTLY AT
BELMONT, THE SEAT OF PORTIA, ON THE CONTINENT.



THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads ;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,

Would blow me to an ague when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows and of flats;
 And see my wealthy Andrew^a dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high-top^b lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought,
 To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
 But tell not me; I know Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures^c are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year:
 Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant.

Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you
 are sad

Because you are not merry: and 't were as easy
 For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,

^a *Wealthy Andrew.* Johnson explains this (which is scarcely necessary) as "the name of the ship;" but he does not point out the propriety of the name for a ship, in association with the great naval commander, Andrea Doria, famous through all Italy.

^b *Vailing her high-top.* To *vail* is to *let down*: the *high-top* was shattered—fallen—when the *Andrew* was on the shallows.

^c *My ventures, &c.* This was no doubt proverbial—something more elegant than "all the eggs in one basket."

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper :
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kins-
man,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo : Fare you well ;

We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you
merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you,

And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ?

Say, when ?

You grow exceeding strange : Must it be so ?

Salar. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt SALARINO and SOLANIO.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found An-
tonio,

We two will leave you ; but at dinner-time

I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio ;

You have too much respect upon the world :

They lose it that do buy it with much care.

Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;

A stage, where every man must play a part.

And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool ;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, " I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !"
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing ; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time :
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo :—Fare ye well, a while ;
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time ;
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell : I 'll grow a talker for this gear.^a

Gra. Thanks, i' faith ; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*

^a For this gear—a colloquial expression, meaning for this matter.

Ant. Is that anything now ?^a

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice : His reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you shall seek all day ere you find them ; and when you have them they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well ; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of ?

Bass. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port^b
Than my faint means would grant continuance ;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd : To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth ; and by adventuring both
I oft found both : I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.

^a Gratiano has made a commonplace attempt at wit ; and Antonio gravely, but sarcastically, asks, "Is that *anything*?" Bassanio replies, "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of *nothing*."

^b *Port*—appearance, carriage.

I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest^a unto it: therefore speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues. Sometimes^b from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,

^a *Prest*—ready.

^b *Sometimes*—formerly

To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go. presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary
of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are;
And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit
with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is
no small happiness, therefore, to be scated in the mean;
superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency
lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were
good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's
cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that fol-
lows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty
what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty
to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise
laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold
decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er
the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this rea-
soning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—
O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I
would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a
living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father:—
Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor
refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men
at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lot-
tery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold,

silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose:" he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he under-

stands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture. But, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour ?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able : I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew ?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when he is best he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast : an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket : for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords ; they have acquainted me with their determinations : which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit ; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will : I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable ; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat ?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio ; as I think so was he called.

Ner. True, madam ; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well ; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave : and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco ; who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach : if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath squandered abroad.* But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork! to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

* *Squandered abroad.* The meaning is simply *scattered*.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian :
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest : Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him !

Bass. Shylock, do you hear ?

Shy. I am debating of my present store :
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats : What of that ?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me : But soft : How many months
Do you desire ? Rest you fair, good signior : [*To ANT.*
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I 'll break a custom :—Is he yet possess'd *
How much you would ?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond ; and, let me see. But hear
you :

Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was

* *Possess'd*—informed.

(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)

The third possessor ; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him ? did he take interest ?

Shy. No, not take interest ; not, as you would say,
Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd

That all the eanlings ^a which were streak'd and pied,

Should fall, as Jacob's hire ; the ewes, being rank,

In end of autumn turned to the rams :

And when the work of generation was

Between these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd pill'd ^b me certain wands,

And, in the doing of the deed of kind,

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes ;

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time

Fall ^c particolour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was bless'd ;

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd
for ;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,

But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good ?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

Shy. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast :

But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul producing holy witness

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;

A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

^a *Eanlings*—lambs just dropped.

^b *Pill'd*. This is usually printed *pee'd*. The words are synonymous ; but in the old and the present translations of the Bible we find *pill'd* in the passage of Genesis to which Shylock alludes.

^c *Fall*—to let fall.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'t is a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe ;
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spet^a upon my Jêwish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help :
Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys ;" You say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold ; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money ? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats" ? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys" ?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend ?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalties.

^a *Spet* was the more received orthography in Shakespeare's time.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love ;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with ;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me :
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show :
Go with me to a notary : seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith ; I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me ;
I 'll rather dwell^a in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship ;
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

^a *Dwell*—continue.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard^a
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

[*Exit.*

Ant. * Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

^a *Fearful guard*—a guard that is the cause of fear.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and his Train ; PORTIA, NERISSA and other of her Attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit,* to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,

* *Wit.* The word is here used in its ancient sense of mental power in general. To wite, from the Anglo-Saxon *witan*, is to know.

To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
 That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
 That won three fields of sultan Solyman,
 I would o'er-stare the sternest eyes that look,
 Outhrave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear.
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !
 If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
 So is Alcides beaten by his page ;
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance ;
 And either not attempt to choose at all,
 Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
 Never to speak to lady afterward
 In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple ; after dinner
 Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then ! *[Cornets.*
 To make me bless'd, or curs'd'st among men. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run
 from this Jew, my master : The fiend is at mine elbow,
 and tempts me ; saying to me,—Gobbo, Launcelot
 Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launce-
 lot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away ;—
 My conscience says,—no ; take heed, honest Launcelot ;
 take heed, honest Gobbo ; or (as aforesaid) honest
 Launcelot Gobbo ; do not run : scorn running with thy

heels:^a Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. Via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens;^b rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not: budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O Heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind,^c high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try conclusions with him.

^a When Pistol says "He hears with ears," Sir Hugh Evans calls the phrase "affectations." Perhaps Launcelot uses "*scorn running with thy heels*" in the same affected fashion.

^b *For the heavens.* This expression is simply, as Gifford states, "a petty oath." It occurs in Ben Jonson and Dekker.

^c *Sand-blind*—having an imperfect sight, as if there was sand in the eye. *Gravel-blind*, a coinage of Launcelot's, is the exaggeration of *sand-blind*.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now—[*aside*—now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might

fail of the knowing me : it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son : Give me your blessing : truth will come to light ; murder cannot be hid long ; a man's son may ; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up ; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing ; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that : but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man ; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed : I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be ! what a beard hast thou got ! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse^a has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward ; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now ?

Laun. Well, well ; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master 's a very Jew. Give him a present ! give him a halter : I am famish'd in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come : give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries ; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune ! here comes the man ;—to him, father ; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

^a *Phill-horse*—the same as *thill-horse*—the horse in the shafts.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so :—but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock : See these letters delivered ; put the liveries to making ; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[Exit a Servant.]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship !

Bass. Gramercy ! Wouldst thou aught with me ?

Gob. Here 's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man ; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins :

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship ; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent^a to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, *old* man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both :—What ^{would} ^{say} ?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit ; Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

* *Impertinent.* Launcelot is a blunderer, as well as one who "can play upon a word:" here he means *pertinent*.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son :—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out :—give him a livery [*To his Followers.*
More guarded * than his fellows' : See it done.

Laun. Father, in :—I cannot get a service, no!—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well; [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book I shall have good fortune! Go to, here 's a simple line of life! here 's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids, is a simple coming in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come. I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt LAUN. and Old GOB.*

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where 's your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit LEON.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you
to Belmont.

* *More guarded*—more ornamented, laced, fringed.

Bass. Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;
 Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
 Parts, that become thee happily enough,
 And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
 But where they are not known, why, there they show
 Something too liberal:—pray thee take pain
 To allay with some cold drops of modesty
 Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
 I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
 And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
 If I do not put on a sober habit,
 Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
 Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
 Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
 Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
 Use all the observance of civility,
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent *
 To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
 By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
 I would entreat you rather to put on
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
 That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
 I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
 But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Room in Shylock's House.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
 Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,

* *Ostent*—display.

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness :
But fare thee well : there is a ducat for thee :
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :
Give him this letter ; do it secretly,
And so farewell ; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue. Most
beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew ! If a Christian did
not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived :
But, adieu ! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my
manly spirit : adieu ! [Exit

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time ;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torchbearers.

Solan. 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd ;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'T is now but four o'clock ; we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news ?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it
shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand : in faith, 't is a fair hand ;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou ?

Lor. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to
sup^{-o-n}ight with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her ;—speak it privately : go.

(Exit LAUN.) Gentlemen, [Exit LAUN.]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ?

I am provided of a torchbearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I 'll be gone about it straight.

Solan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'T is good we do so. [Ex. SALAR. and SOLAN.]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all : She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house ;

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with ;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me ; peruse this as thou goest :

Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Venice. *Before Shylock's House.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do
nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth
expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will
not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it
was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on
Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, fall-
ing out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in
the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jes-
sica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter.

My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah ;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window for all this ;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit LAUN.*]

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress ; nothing else.

Shy. The patch^a is kind enough ; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat : drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him ; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;
Perhaps, I will return immediately ;
Do as I bid you,
Shut doors after you : Fast bind, fast find ;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not cross'd,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make a stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

^a *Patch.* The domestic fool was sometimes called a patch ; and it is probable that this class was thus named from the patched dress of their vocation. *Patch* thus came to be an expression of contempt.

Gra. That ever holds : who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younger, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark^a puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
How like a prodigal doth she return ;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo ;—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
abode :

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew :—Ho ! who 's within ?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed ;
For who love I so much ? and now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou
art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the pains,
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange :
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;

^a *Scarfed bark*—the vessel gay with streamers.

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So you are, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit, from above.*]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit, with JES. and SALAR.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who 's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'T is nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you:
No masque to-night; the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on 't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and both their Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince :—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears ;
“ Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”
The second, silver, which this promise carries :

“ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.”
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt :

“ Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.”
How shall I know if I do choose the right ?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince ;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again :
What says this leaden casket ?

“ Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.”
Must give—For what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?

This casket threatens : Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages :
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;
I 'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?

“ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.”
As much as he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand :
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady :
And yet to be afraid of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that 's the lady :
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.
 What if I stray'd no further, but chose here ?—
 Let 's see once more this saying grav'd in gold :

“ Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”

Why, that 's the lady : all the world desires her :
 From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
 The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
 For princes to come view fair Portia :
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is 't like that lead contains her ? 'T were damna-
 tion

To think so base a thought : it were too gross
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think in silver she 's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold ?
 O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold ; but that 's insculp'd upon ;
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key ;
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie
 there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

Mor. O hell ! what have we here ?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll ? I 'll read the writing.

" All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd
Fare you well ; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :
Then, farewell heat ; and welcome frost.—
Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [Exit.
Por. A gentle riddance :—Draw the curtains, go ;—
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;
With him is Gratiano gone along ;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Solan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke ;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail ;
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica ;
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :
" My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !
Fled with a Christian ?—O my christian ducats !—
Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !

And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd^a with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Solan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd—"Do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Solan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar.

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a Reason'd is here used for discours'd.

SCENE IX.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON,
PORTIA, and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince;
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoind by oath to observe three things:
First never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:"
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,

Because I will not jump with common spirits,
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :

“ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves : ”
 And well said too. For who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit ! Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly ! and that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !
 How many then should cover that stand bare !
 How many be commanded that command !
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour ! and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd ! Well, but to my choice :

“ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves : ”
 I will assume desert : — Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What 's here ? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
 Presenting me a schedule ? I will read it.
 How much unlike art thou to Portia !
 How much unlike my hopes and my deservings !

“ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves. ”
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?
 Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
 And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here ?

“ The fire seven times tried this ;
 Seven times tried that judgment is
 That did never choose amiss :
 Some there be that shadows kiss ;
 Such have but a shadow's bliss

There he fools alive, I wls,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head :
So begone ; you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here :
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu ! I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt ARRAGON and Train.*]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy ;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady ?

Por. Here ; what would my lord ?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord :
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love :
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee ; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be ! [*Exeunt.*]

* *Regrets—salutations.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SOLANIO and SALARINO.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Solan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Solan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That 's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Solan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Solan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrout, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh? What 's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian ex-

ample? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt SOLANIO, SALARINO, and Servant.]

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hanged at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not how much is spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. — hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while;
There 's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,

Hate counsels not in such a quality :
 But lest you should not understand me well,
 (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
 I would detain you here some month or two,
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you
 How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ;
 So will I never be : so may you miss me ;
 But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'erlook'd ^a me, and divided me ;
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
 Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours
 And so all yours : O ! these naughty times
 Put bars between the owners and their rights ;
 And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
 Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
 I speak too long ; but 't is to peize ^b the time ;
 To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
 To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose ;
 For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio ? then confess
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love :
 There may as well be amity and life
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
 Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

^a *O'erlook'd.* In 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' we have—
 "Vild worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth."
 The word is here used in the same sense ; which is derived from
 the popular opinions of the influence of fairies and witches.
 The eyes of Bassanio have o'erlooked Portia, and she yields to
 the enchantment.

^b *Peize.* *Polse* and *peizo* are the same words. To weigh the
 time, is, to keep it in suspense—upon the balance.

Por. Well, then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love

Had been the very sum of my confession :

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance !

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then : I am lock'd in one of them ,

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice ,

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music : that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,

And watery death-bed for him : He may win ;

And what is music then ? then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch : such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !

Live thou, I live :—With much much more dismay

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

1. Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?
Reply, reply.

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies:
 Let us all ring fancy's knell;
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, doug, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves;
 The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stayers of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
 And these assume but valour's excrement,
 To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight;
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled^a shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on

^a *Guiled*—deceiving. The active and passive participles are often substituted each for the other by Shakspeare and the other Elizabethan poets.

To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy !
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess ;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit !

Bass.

What find I here ?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends : Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs : But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them ? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd :^a Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprising it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here 's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

" You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true !
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.

^a *Unfurnish'd*—unsurrounded by the other features.

If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave :

[*Kissing her.*]

I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so ;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see, my lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich ;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,

Are yours, my lord,—I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a
wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,

To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your
marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down ?

Gra. No ; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here ? Lorenzo, and his infidel ?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio ?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither ;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome :—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord ;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour :—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here ;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Solan. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Solan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio. What 's the news from Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?

I know he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Solan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;

Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world

Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—

With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,

And I must freely have the half of anything

That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,

I freely told you, all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;

And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a braggart: When I told you

My state was nothing, I should then have told you

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,

I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,

Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;

The paper as the body of my friend,

And every word in it a gaping wound,

Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?

Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,

From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?

And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks ?

Solan. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it : Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man :
He plies the duke at morning, and at night ;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice : twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him ; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble ?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew ?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife ;
And then away to Venice to your friend ;

For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*]

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste: but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lends out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my
bond;

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond^a
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee
speak :

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;

I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [*Ex. SHY.*]

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.

He seeks my life; his reason well I know;

I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made moan to me;

Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law,

For the commodity that strangers have

With us in Venice; if it be denied,

'T will much impeach the justice of the state;

Since that the trade and profit of the city

Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:

These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,

That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come

To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*]

^a *Fond*. This is generally explained as *foolish*—one of the senses in which Shakspeare very often uses the word. We are inclined to think that it here means *indulgent*, tender, weakly compassionate.

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity ; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now : for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord : If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty !
This comes too near the praising of myself ;
Therefore, no more of it : hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return : for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return :
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you

Not to deny this imposition ;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you !

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt Jes. and Lor.*]

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still : Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua ; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect,* to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice :—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of : we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us ?

Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,

* *Tranect.* No other example is found of the use of this word in English, and yet there is little doubt that the word is correct. *Tranare*, and *trainare*, are interpreted by Florio not only as *to draw*, which is the common acceptation, but as *to pass or swim over*. Thus the *tranect* was most probably the *ford* or *boat* of the ferry.

That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accounted like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly;—for, look you, the sins of the
father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I
promise you I fear you. I was always plain with you,
and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: There-
fore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are
damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you
any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope
neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother; well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only

but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done, too, sir: only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

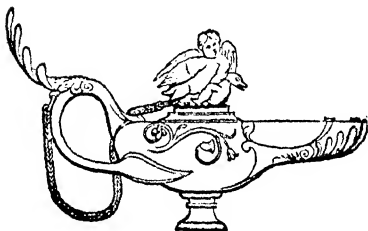
Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning; go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit LAUN.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;—
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon ; first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk ;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I 'll set you forth [Exeunt.]



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,^a I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Solan. He 's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)

^a *Envy's reach.* Envy is here used in the sense of *malice*, *hatred*; as in the translation of the Bible (Mark xv. 10).

Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats : I 'll not answer that :
But, say, it is my humour : Is it answer'd ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat ;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine : for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood *
Of what it likes, or loathes : Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe,—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,

* *Affection*, either for love or dislike—sympathy or antipathy.—being the *master of passion*—sways it (*passion*) to the mood of what it (*affection*) likes or loathes.

As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing.
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man.
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee
twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew,*
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what 's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,

* The construction of this line appears to us elliptical: we believe that it should be understood thus:—

“I pray you, think, [if] you question with the Jew.”

Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them :—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burthens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer,
The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought ; 't is mine, and I will have it :
If you deny me, fie upon your law !

There is no force in the decrees of Venice :
I stand for judgment : answer, shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Solan. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters ; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man ! courage
yet !

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me :
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Ner. From both, my lord : Bellario greets your grace.

[Presents a letter]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecutable^a dog !

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, sterv'd,^b and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
Repair thy wit, good youth ; or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court :—
Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart :—some three or four of
you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads*

"Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your
letter, I am very sick : but in the instant that your messenger
came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome !

^a *Inexecutable.* *In* is used as an augmentative particle, the
sense being *most execrable*.

^b *Sterv'd*—synonymous with *starved*, and used by Spenser
and the elder poets.

his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes: And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place. Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow; Yet in such rule that the Venetian law Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.— You stand within his danger,* do you not? [To ANT.]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd; It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;

* Dr. Jamieson says,—“In his *danger*, under his *danger*, in his power as a captive. The old French *danger* frequently occurs as signifying *power*, *dominion*.”

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ,
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.^a And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right do a little wrong ;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :
'T will be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

^a *Truth* is here used in the sense of honesty.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'T is very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the
flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; But what of that?

'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use,

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end,

Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest I love;

I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'T is well you offer it behind her back ;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands : I have a
daughter ;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian ! [*Aside.*
We trifle time ; I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine ;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ; come ;
prepare.

Por. Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh :
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew !—O learned
judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shall see the act ;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge !—Mark, Jew ;—a learned
judge !

Shy. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass.

Here is the money.

Por. Soft.

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft ;—no haste ;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court ;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew ;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st :
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang
thyself :

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,* to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter ;
Two things provided more,—That for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he does possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

* *In use*—lent on interest.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew; what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,*
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font. [*Ex. SHY*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you with me home to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.
I must away this night toward Padua;
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,

* *Ten more.* Jurymen were jestingly called godfathers—
“godfathers in law,” as Ben Jonson has it.

Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake ;
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you :—
Do not draw back your hand ; I 'll take no more ;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle ;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this ;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There 's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation ;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :
You taught me first to beg ; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scape serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt POR. and NEB.*]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring ;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him ;
Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house :—away, make haste. [*Exit GRA.*]
Come, you and I will thither presently ;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont : Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.**Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we 'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en :
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

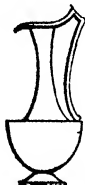
Por. That cannot be :
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him : Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you :—
I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To PORTIA.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old
swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*



ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *Avenue to Portia's House.**Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as
this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waf't her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come :
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend ? what friend ? your name, I pray you,
friend.

Steph. Stephano is my name ; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont ; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her ?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola !

Lor. Who calls ?

Laun. Sola ! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mis-
tress Lorenzo ? sola, sola !

Lor. Leave hollaing, man ; here.

Laun. Sola ! Where ? where ?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there 's a post come from my master,
with his horn full of good news ; my master will be
here ere morning. [Exit

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter ;—Why should we go in ?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand :

And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit STEPH.*
 How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines^a of bright gold.
 There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins : ^b
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

[*Music.*

Lor. The reason is your spirits are attentive :
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music : Therefore, the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

^a *Patines*. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used in the service of the altar.

^b *Cherubins*. We follow the orthography of the old editions, though *cherubim* may be more correct. *Speenser* uses *cherubins* as the plural of *cherubin*.

But music for the time doth change his nature ;
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA at a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection !—
Peace ! How the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd ! [*Music ceases.*]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet ;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa ;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence ;
Nor you, Lorenzo :—Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet :
We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.
It looks a little paler ; 't is a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their
Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me ;
But God sort all !—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam : give welcome to my
friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

[*GRA. and NER. seem to talk apart.*]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong ;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was,
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,* and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. *[Aside.]*

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away

* *Respective*—regardful.

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine :
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord ?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By Heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain ^a the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony ?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe ;
I 'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring ; the which I did deny him,

^a *Contain* and *retain* are here synonymous.

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away ;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?
I was enforc'd to send it after him ;
I was beset with shame and courtesy ;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it : Pardon me, good lady ;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house :
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you ;
I 'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed :
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it :
Lie not a night from home ; watch me, like Argus ;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk ; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so : let not me take him then ;
For, if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you ; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that !
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself :
In each eye one :—swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.

Bass.

Nay, but hear me ;

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth ;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
[To PORTIA.

Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety : Give him this ;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By Heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor !

Por. I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio ;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano ;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough :
What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it ?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd :
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;
Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd ; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold ?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

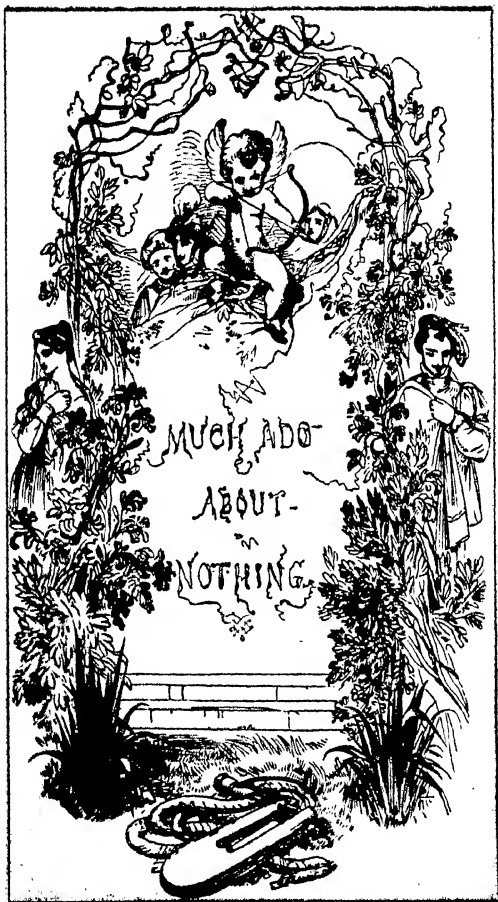
Gra. Let it be so; The first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore,* as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt.

* *Sore*—excessively, extremely, much.

End of
The Merchant of Venice

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'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING' was first printed in 1600. There was no other separate edition. The variations between the text of the quarto and that of the folio are very few. The chronology of this comedy is sufficiently fixed by the circumstance of its publication in 1600, coupled with the fact that it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598.

"The story is taken from Ariosto," says Pope. To Ariosto then we turn; and we are repaid for our labour by the pleasure of reading that long but by no means tedious story of Geneva, which occupies the whole of the fifth book, and part of the sixth, of the 'Orlando Furioso.' "The tale is a pretty comical matter," as Harrington quaintly pronounces it. The famous town of St. Andrew's forms its scene; and here was enacted something like that piece of villainy by which the Claudio of Shakspeare was deceived, and his Hero "done to death by slanderous tongues." But here the resemblance ceases. Ariosto found the incident of a lady betrayed to suspicion and danger, by the personation of her own waiting-woman, amongst the popular traditions of the south of Europe—this story has been traced to Spain—and he interwove it with the adventures of his Rinaldo as an integral part of his chivalrous romance. Spenser has told a similar story in 'The Fairy

Queen' (Book II., Canto IV.). The European story, which Ariosto and Spenser have thus adopted, has formed also the groundwork of one of Bandello's Italian novels. It was for Shakspeare to surround the main incident with those accessories which he could nowhere borrow, and to make of it such a comedy as no other man has made—a comedy not of manners or of sentiment, but of *life* viewed under its profoundest aspects, whether of the grave or the ludicrous. The title of this comedy, rightly considered, is the best expositor of the idea of this comedy. It is "a representation of the contrast and contradiction between life in its real essence and the aspect which it presents to those who are engaged in its struggle."

The 'Much Ado about Nothing' was acted under the name of 'Benedick and Beatrice,' even during the life of its author. These two characters absorb very much of the acting interest of the play; but they cannot be separated from the play without being liable to misconstruction. The character of Beatrice cannot be understood, except in connection with the injuries done to Hero; and except we view it, as well as the characters of all the other agents in the scene, with reference to the one leading idea, that there is a real aspect of things which is to be seen by the audience and not seen by the agents. The character of Don John, for example, and the characters of his loose confederates, are understood by the spectators; and their villainy is purposely transparent. Without Don John the plot could not move. He is not a rival in Claudio's love, as the "wicked duke" of Ariosto: he is

simply a moody, ill-conditioned, spiteful rascal;—such a one as ordinarily takes to backbiting and hinting away character. Shakspeare gets rid of him as soon as he can; he fires the train and disappears. He would be out of harmony with the happiness which he has suspended, but not destroyed; and so he passes from the stage, with

“Think not on him till to-morrow.”

But his instrumentality has been of the utmost importance. It has given us that beautiful altar-scene, that would be almost too tragical if we did not know that the “*Much Ado*” was “about Nothing.” But that maiden’s sorrows, and that father’s passion, are real aspects of life, however unreal be the cause of them. The instrumentality, too, of the hateful Don John has given us *Dogberry* and *Verges*. Coleridge has said, somewhat hastily we think,—“Any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action.” Surely not. Make *Dogberry* in the slightest degree less self-satisfied, loquacious, full of the official stuff of which functionaries are still cut out, and the action breaks down before the rejection of *Hero* by her lover. For it is not the ingenious absurdity that prevents the detection of the plot against *Hero*; it is the absurdity which prevents the prompt disclosure of it after the detection. Truly did Don Pedro say, “This learned constable is too cunning to be understood.” The wise fellow, and the rich fellow, and the fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him, nevertheless holds his prisoners

fast; and when he comes to the Prince, with "Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves," though his method be not logical, his matter is all-sufficient. The passionate lover, the calm and sagacious Prince, the doting father, were the dupes of a treachery, not well compact, and carried through by dangerous instruments. They make no effort to detect what would not have been very difficult of detection: they are satisfied to quarrel and to lament. Accident discovers what intelligence could not penetrate; and the treacherous slander is manifest in all its blackness to the wise Dogberry:—

"Flat burglary as ever was committed."

Here is the crowning irony of the philosophical poet. The *players* of the game of life see nothing, or see minute parts only; but the dullest *by-stander* has glimpses of something more.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

DON JOHN, *bastard brother to Don Pedro.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1.

CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence, favourite of
Don Pedro.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua, favourite likewise of
Don Pedro.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

ANTONIO, *brother to Leonato.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

BALTHAZAR, *servant to Don Pedro.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.

BORACHIO, *follower of Don John.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

CONRADE, *follower of Don John.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

DOGBERRY, *a city officer.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

VERGES, *a city officer.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

A Sexton.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

A Friar.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.

A Boy.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3.

HERO, *daughter to Leonato.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.*

BEATRICE, *sister to Leonato.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

MARGARET, *a gentlewoman attending on Hero.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

URSULA, *a gentlewoman attending on Hero.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE—MESSINA.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Street in Messina.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others, with a Messenger.*

Leon. I learn in this letter, that don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort,* and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could

* *Any sort.* The obvious meaning here is, of any condition; for the messenger adds, "and none of name."

not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.^a

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto^b returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills^c here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,^d I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant trencherman, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady:—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed^e with all honourable virtues.

^a *In great measure*—abundantly.

^b *Montanto.* Beatrice thus nicknames Benedick, after a term of the fencing-school.

^c *Set up his bills*—stuck up a notice—a placard as we now call it.

^d *He'll be meet with you*—he'll be even with you.

^e *Stuffed*—stored, furnished.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there 's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits^a went naltig off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference^b between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is 't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith^c but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.^d

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer^e now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

^a *Five wits.* Shakspeare here uses the term *wits* in the sense of intellectual powers. Johnson says, "The *wits* seem to have been reckoned *five*, by analogy to the *five senses*, or the *five inlets of ideas*."

^b *Bear it for a difference*—for a distinction—as in heraldry.

^c *His faith*—his belief generally; here, his confidence in a friend.

^d *In your books.* He who is in *your books*—or, as we sometimes say, in your *good books*—is he whom you think well of—whom you trust. It appears tolerably obvious, then, that the phrase has a commercial origin; and that, as he who has obtained *credit*, buys upon *trust*, is in his creditor's *books*, so he who has obtained in any way the confidence of another is said to be in his books.

^e *Squarer*—quarreller. To *square* is to dispute—to confront hostilely.

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You 'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter DON PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat:—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you : I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on ?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato ; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENE. and CLAUD.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato ?

Bene. I noted her not : but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady ?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment ; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise : only this commendation I can afford her : that were she other than she is, she were unhand-some ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport ; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her ?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel ?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow ? or do you play the flouting Jack ; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter ?^a Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song ?^b

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

^a Benedick is laughing at Claudio for his love of Hero, which indeed he still scarcely credits. He asks him—"Speak you this with a sad brow ?"—i.e. are you serious in your passion ? or are you flouting or mocking us,—as though you were to say that Cupid, the *blest* god, has the *keenest* sight to spy a hare, and that Vulcan, the *smith*, is a rare carpenter ?

^b To join in the song.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith: an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so."

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat^a winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,^b all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine^c is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.^d

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

^a *Recheat*—the huntsman's note to recall the hounds.

^b *Baldrick*—a belt.

^c *The fine*—the conclusion.

^d In allusion to the old archer of ballad notoriety—Adam Bell.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever this sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign,—“Here you may see Benedick the married man.”

Claud. If this should ever happen thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded^a with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further,^b examine your conscience; and so I leave you.

[Exit *BENE.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

^a *Guarded*—trimmed, as with *guards* on apparel.

^b The old ends flouted at were the long-winded conclusions of private letters.

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she 's his only heir :
Dost thou affect her, Claudio ?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love :
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words :
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ;
And I will break with her ; [and with her father,
And thou shalt have her :] Was 't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion !
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than
the flood ?

The fairest grant is the necessity :
Look, what will serve is fit : 't is once,* thou lovest ;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night ;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :
Then, after, to her father will I break ;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine :
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Once—once for all.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend: go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker* in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth I would bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

* *Canker*—the dog-rose.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad^a conference: I whipt behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what 's to be done?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

^a *Sad*—serious.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and
others.

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never
can see him but I am heartburned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made
just in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the
one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the
other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count
John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in
signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and
money enough in his purse, such a man would win any
woman in the world,—if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a
husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen
God's sending that way: for it is said, "God sends a
curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends
none.

Leon. So, by being too curst God will send you no
horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which
blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and
evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a
beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel; and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man I am not for him: Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so deliver I up my apes, and away to saint Peter: for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [to HERO] I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "As it please you:"—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too im-

portant,^a tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer.^b For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother; make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend^c the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

^a *Important*—*importunate*.

^b The technical meaning of *measure*, a particular sort of dance, is here played upon. Beatrice's own description of that dance, "full of state and ancientry," is the most characteristic account we have of it.

^c *Defend*—*forbid*.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand-up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred merry Tales';—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester : a very dull fool ; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders : none but libertines delight in him ; and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villainy ; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him : I am sure he is in the fleet ; I would he had boarded^a me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do : he'll but break a comparison or two on me ; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy ; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Dance. Then exeunt all*

but DON JOHN, BORA., and CLAUD.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it : the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio : I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick ?

Claud. You know me well ; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love : he is enamoured on Hero ; I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth : you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her ?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too ; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt DON JOHN and BORA.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,

^a Boarded—accosted.

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'T is certain so;—the prince wooes for himself,
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love :
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not : Farewell, therefore, Hero !

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio ?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me ?

Claud. Whither ?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of ? About your neck, like an usurer's chain ?* or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf ? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that 's spoken like an honest drover ; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus ?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho ! now you strike like the blind man ; 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas ! poor hurt fowl ! Now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me ! The prince's fool !—Ha, it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea ; but so ; I am apt to do myself wrong : I am not so reputed : it is the base though bitter disposition of

* *An usurer's chain*—the ornament of a wealthy citizen or goldsmith.

Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where 's the count; Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and I think told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What 's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood

like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me : She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her ; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed : she would have made Hercules have turned spit ; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her : you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her ; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, LEONATO, and HERO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard ; do you any embassy to the Pigmies,—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy : You have no employment for me ?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not ; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while ; and I gave him use for it—a double heart for a single one : marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 't is your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord, I thank it; poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburned;* I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho! for a husband.

* Shakspeare, in 'All 's Well that Ends Well,' has used the phrase to go to the world in the sense of being married.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting : Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you ? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady ?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days ; your grace is too costly to wear every day : But, I beseech your grace, pardon me ; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you ; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried ; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.— Cousins, God give you joy !

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of ?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[*Exit BEAT.*]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord : she is never sad, but when she sleeps ; and not ever sad then ; for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means ; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church ?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord : Time goes on crutches till Love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopesfullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,* of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

* Strain—lineage.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me : I am sick in displeasure to him ; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage ?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord ; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage ?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother ; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that ?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato : Look you for any other issue ?

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone : tell them that you know that Hero loves me ; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match ; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial : offer them instances ; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window ; hear me

call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and a Boy.

Bene. Boy!

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.]—I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer;

his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Withdraws]

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is, As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing: Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come :
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks ;
Note notes, forsooth, and noting ! [Music.]

Bene. Now, "Divine air !" now is his soul ravished !
—Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls
out of men's bodies ?—Well, a horn for my money,
when all 's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

I.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha ? no ; no, faith ; thou singest well
enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog that should
have howled thus, they would have hanged him : and
I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief ! I had as
lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could
have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry ; [*to CLAUDIO.*]—Dost thou

hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit BALTHAZAR.*]
Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits.
[*Aside to PEDRO.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

[*Aside.*]
Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*Aside.*]

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside.*

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. Thus says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night: and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence;* railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leon. She doth, indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

* A farthing, and perhaps a *halfpenny*, was used to signify any small particle or division. So, in the character of the Friar in Chaucer's Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales':—

"That in hirre cuppe was no *ferthing* seen
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hire draught."

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love 't is very possible he'll scorn it: for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that 's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [Aside.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her: and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[Aside.

[Exeunt D. PEDRO, CLAUD., and LEON.

BENEDICK advances from the harbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry—I must not seem proud:—Happy are they that bear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 't is a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous—'t is so, I cannot reprove it: and wise,

but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Ha! “Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner”—there's a double meaning in that. “I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me”—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her I am a villain; if I do not love her I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,
To listen our purpose:^a This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[Exit.]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

^a *Purpose*, and *propose*, have the same meaning—that of conversation.

Urs. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden paws the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture :
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose no-
thing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[*They advance to the bower.*]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.*

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it :
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

Hero. O God of love ! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice :
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising^b what they look on ; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so ;

* The haggard was a wild and unsocial species of hawk.

^b Misprising—undervaluing.

And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw
man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair fac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black,* why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

* *Black*—as opposed to fair; swarthy.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument,* and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in;
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's ta'en, I warrant you; we have caught her,
madam.

Hero. If it proves so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt HERO and URSULA.*]

BEATRICE advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say thou dost deserve; and I

Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.*

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

* *Argument—conversation.*

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm!

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy^a that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; [or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet:] Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath,

^a *Fancy* is here used in a different sense from the same word which immediately precedes it—although *fancy* in the sense of *love* is the same as *fancy* in the sense of the indulgence of a *humour*.

he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs : he brushes his hat o' mornings : What should that bode ?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him ; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.^a

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet : Can you smell him out by that ?

Claud. That 's as much as to say, The sweet youth 's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face ?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself ? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit ; which is now crept into a lutestring,^b and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him : Conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too ; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yea, and his ill conditions ; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old signior, walk aside with me ; I have studied eight or

^a Several of the old writers allude to the same employment of human hair.

^b His jocular wit is now employed in the inditing of love-songs, usually accompanied on the lute. The "stops" are the frets of the lute.

nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [Exeunt BENE. and LEON.]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'T is even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What 's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow? [To CLAUDIO.]

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearneſs of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what 's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you: and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till night, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if a* will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

* *How if a.* We have retained the quaint vulgarity of the original, *a* for *he*.

2 Watch. How if they will not ?

Dogb. Why, then let them alone till they are sober ; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man ; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may ; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled : the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us ?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying : for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person ; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, a cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him : marry, not without the prince be willing : for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man ; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGB. and VERG.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*]

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed: Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; a has been a vile thief this seven year; a goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy^a painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched^b worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but

^a *Reechy*—begrimmed, smoky.

^b *Smirched*—smutched, smudged.

the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch*. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch*. Call up the right master constable: we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch*. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, & wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters.

2 *Watch*. You 'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 *Watch*. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.*

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we 'll obey you. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit URSULA.]

* Shakspeare has here repeated the conceit which we find in *This Second Part of Henry VI.*:—"My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?"

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner:^a and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls down sleeves, side-sleeves,^b and skirts, round underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—“a husband:” an had thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in, “the heavier for a husband”? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

^a The false hair.

^b Long sleeves or full sleeves; from the Anglo-Saxon, *sid*—ample, long.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—"Light o' love;"^a that goes without a burthen; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels;—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin; 't is time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.^b

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?^c

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

^a The name of an old song-tune.

^b An epigram by Heywood, 1566, explains this jest; and gives us the old pronunciation of *ache*, to which John Kemble adhered in despite of "the groundlings;"—

"H is amongst worst letters in the cross-row;
For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
In thine arm, or leg, in any degree;
In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;
Into what place soever H may pike him,
Wherever thou find *ache* thou shalt not like him."

^c Trow—I trow.

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 't were a thousand times more than 't is: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God 's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Sea-coal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here 's that *[touching his forehead]* shall drive some of them to a *non com*: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[Exeunt.]



I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero.

True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal* villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John.

Fie, fie! they are

* *Liberal*—licentious, free.

Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart:
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[HERO swoons.

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you
down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus
to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt D. PEDRO, D. JOHN, and CLAUD.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle:—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—
friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not open thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shame,
 Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
 Strike at thy life. Grier'd I, I had but one?
 Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
 O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
 Who, smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,
 I might have said, "No part of it is mine,
 This shame derives itself from unknown loins?"
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
 And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
 Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
 For my part I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly not; although until last night
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron
 Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
 Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
 For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady; I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions start

* *Frane*—ordnance, arrangement.

Into her face ; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes ;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth :—Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book ; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be :
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury ; she not denies it :
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness ?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of ?

Hero. They know that do accuse me ; I know none
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour ;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not : If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,

Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
 But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
 Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
 Ability in means, and choice of friends,
 To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
 And let my counsel sway you in this case.
 Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
 Let her a while be secretly kept in,
 And publish it that she is dead indeed:
 Maintain a mourning ostentation;
 And on your family's old monument
 Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
 That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
 Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,
 But on this travail look for greater birth.
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
 Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
 Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why then we rack* the value, then we find
 The virtue that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours: So will it fare with Claudio:
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
 More moving-delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,

* *Rack*—strain, stretch, exaggerate; hence *rack-rent*.

(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure —
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and
endure. [*Exeunt Friar, HERO, and LEON.*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me
that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you :
Is not that strange ?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not : It were
as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as
you : but believe me not ; and yet I lie not ; I confess,
nothing, nor I deny nothing :—I am sorry for my
cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me ; and I
will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word ?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it : I
protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then God forgive me !

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice ?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour ; I was
about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that
none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha ! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny : Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here :—There is no
love in you :—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight
with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy ?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that
bath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman ?—
O that I were a man !—What ! bear her in hand until

they come to take hands ; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice ;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window ?—a proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice ;—

Beat. Sweet Hero !—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat——

Beat. Princes, and counties ! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect ; a sweet gallant, surely ! O that I were a man for his sake ! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake ! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too : he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it :—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice : By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero ?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him ; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you : By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account : As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin : I must say she is dead ; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Prison.

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns :
and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared ?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton !

Sexton. Which be the malefactors ?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that 's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined ? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend ?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down, Borachio.—Yours, sirrah ?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God ?

[*Con., Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down that they hope they serve God :—and write God first ; for God defend but God should go before such villains !—] Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves ; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves ?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you ; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah ; a word in your ear, sir ; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale : Have you writ down, that they are none ?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine ; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that 's the effest^a way :—Let the watch come forth :—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

^a *Effest*—quickest.

Dogb. Write down, prince John a villain :—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and show him their examination. [Exit.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them :—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down, an ass! but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not

that I am an ass :—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow ; and, which is more, an officer ; and, which is more, a householder ; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina ; and one that knows the law, go to ; and a rich fellow enough, go to ; and a fellow that hath had losses ; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him ; —Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down, an ass !

[*Exeunt.*



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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
And, "sorrow wag" cry; hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters;* bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:

* Ben Jonson calls a bookworm a *candle-waster*; and we think that this is the meaning here.

No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
 For there was never yet philosopher
 That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
 However they have writ the style of gods,
 And made a push^a at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
 Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so:
 My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
 And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
 And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well,
 my lord:

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
 Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler,
 thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
 I fear thee not.

^a *Push* is explained to be a thrust—a defiance.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear :
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me :
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool ;

As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old : Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by ;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child ;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors :
O ! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy !

Leon. Thine, Claudio ; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me ?^a Thou hast kill'd my
child ;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed ;
But that 's no matter ; let him kill one first ;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—
Come follow me, boy ; come sir boy, come follow me :
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining^b fence ;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself : God knows, I lov'd my niece ;

^a *Daff me*—put me aside.

^b *Foining*—thrusting.

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon.

Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content: What, man! I know them,
yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant.

Come, 't is no matter;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your
patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro.

I will not hear you.

Leon.

No!

Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant.

And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt LEON. and ANT.*]

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to
seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost come
to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.*

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

* In wrestling, to turn the girdle was a challenge or preparation for the struggle. Large belts were worn with the buckle before; but in wrestling the buckle was turned behind.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; "True," says she, "a fine little one:" "No," said I, "a great wit;" "Right," says she, "a great gross one:" "Nay," said I, "a good wit;" "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody:" "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise;" "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman:" "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues;" "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, "God saw him when he was hid in the garden."

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man"?

Bene. Fare you well, boy! you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies

I thank you ; I must discontinue your company : your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina : you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady : For my lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet ; and till then peace be with him. *[Exit BENZ.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest ; and I 'll warrant you for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee ?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit !

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape : but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be ; pluck up, my heart, and be sad ! Did he not say my brother was fled ?

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with
CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

Dogb. Come, you, sir ; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance : nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound ! Borachio one !

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord !

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done ?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths ; secondarily, they are slanders ; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady ; thirdly, they have verified unjust things ; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done ; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge ?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my truth, there 's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What 's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;

That when I note another man like him
I may avoid him : Which of these is he ?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou—thou—the slave that with thy
breath hast kill'd

Mine innocent child ?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain ; thou beliest thyself ;

Here stand a pair of honourable men,

A third is fled, that had a hand in it :

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death ;

Record it with your high and worthy deeds ;

'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet I must speak : Choose your revenge yourself ;

Impose me to what penance your invention

Can lay upon my sin : yet sinn'd I not,

But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I ;

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,

I would bend under any heavy weight

That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,

That were impossible ; but I pray you both,

Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent she died : and, if your love

Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

And sing it to her bones ; sing it to-night :—

To-morrow morning come you to my house ;

And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew : my brother hath a daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,

And she alone is heir to both of us ;

Give her the right you should have given her cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

Claud.

O, noble sir,

Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In anything that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under
white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did
call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his
punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of
one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and
a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's
name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid,
that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing
for God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and
reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I
thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship,
which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for
the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish
your worship well; God restore you to health: I hum-
bly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting
may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGB., VERG., and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.
[*Exeunt D. PEDRO and CLAUD.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Ex.*]

SCENE II.—*Leonato's Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit MARGARET.*]

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [*Singing*
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing ; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love : Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme ; I have tried ; I can find out no rhyme to “ lady ” but “ baby,” an innocent rhyme ; for “ scorn ” “ horn,” a hard rhyme ; for “ school,” “ fool,” a babbling rhyme ; very ominous endings : No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee ?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then !

Beat. Then, is spoken ; fare you well now :—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit : But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes^a my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ?

Beat. For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bene. “ Suffer love ; ” a good epithet ! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

^a *Undergoes*—passes under.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there 's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise (if don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy,) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder 's old coil * at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused; the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

[Exeunt.]

* *Old coil*—great bustle.

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

“Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.”

Now, music sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.*

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:

The wolves have prey'd: and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way

* To utter is here to put out—to expel. Death is expelled heavenly—by the power of Heaven.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE,
URSULA, Friar, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated :
But Margaret was in some fault for this ;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well,

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd :
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me :—you know your office, brother ;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her : 'T is most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage ;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar.

And my help.

[Here comes the prince, and Claudio.]

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow, Claudio ;
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar-ready.

[Exit ANTONIO.]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick : Why, what's
the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull :—
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you : here come other reckon-
ings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she 's mine: Sweet, let me see
your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero died [deft'd;] but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; [*unmasking*] what is
your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and
Claudio,

Have been deceiv'd; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well nigh dead for
me.

Bene. 'T is no such matter:—Then you do not love
me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her; For here 's a paper, written in his hand, A halting sonnet of his own pure brain, Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here 's another, Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket, Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle; here 's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity!

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that^a thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a

^a *Is that—because.*

dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We 'll have dancing afterwards.

Bena. First, o' my word ; therefore, play music.—
Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife ;
there is no stall' more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bena. Think not on him till to-morrow ; I 'll devise
thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt.*]



End of
Much Ado about Nothing.

ADDITIONAL NOTES
AND SUGGESTED EMENDATIONS.

VOLUME II.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

* Page 17 (Act I. Scene ii.)

"First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and *so grow on to a point.*"
—In the Perkins folio: "go on to appoint"—that is, to assign the different parts. "And so grow to a point" is the more common reading.

Page 20 (Act I. Scene ii.)

Bot. "We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. *Take pains; be perfect; adieu.*

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet."

It has been suggested that the words in italics form part of Quince's speech, and they naturally belong to him as the manager of the play.

Page 24 (Act I. Scene ii.)

"And on old Hyems' *chin*, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set."

What can be the meaning of a chaplet of summer buds on the *chin* of Hyems? Read, according to the proposal of Tyrwhitt, and with the approval of Dyce:

"And on old Hyems' *thin* and icy crown," &c.

Page 29 (Act II. Scene iil.)

"Quite over-canopied with *luscious* woodbine."
Perhaps *lush*.

Page 37 (Act III. Scene i.)

"Thisby, the flowers *of* odious savours sweet;
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear."
"Have odious savours sweet," in the Perkins folio.

Page 47 (Act III. Scene ii.)

"So we grew together . . .
Two *lovely* berries moulded on one stem."
Loving. Helena would scarcely have described herself as
lovely.

Page 49 (Act III. Scene ii.)

"Hate me! wherefore? O me! what *news*, my love?"
"What *means* my love?" Perkins folio.

Page 53 (Act III. Scene ii.)

"Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his *salt-green* streams."
What colour is that? Read:
"Turns into yellow gold his *salt, green* streams."

Page 57 (Act IV. Scene i.)

"To help cavalero *Cobweb* to scratch."—The editors refuse
to alter the text, but all recognise that Bottom *ought* to have
said *Peas-blossom*, and not *Cobweb*. Bottom is confused.

Page 60 (Act IV. Scene i.)

"When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the *bea*
With hounds of Sparta."
Bea—Dyce,

Page 68 (Act V. Scene i.)

"Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous *strange* snow."
"*Seething* snow," in the Perkins folio.

Page 73 (Act V. Scene i.)

"Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam."

This is the very opposite of what Saug intended. Read: "*A lion's fell*"—that is, a lion's skin. The emendation was conjectured by Mr Barron Field, and is confirmed by the Perkins folio.

Page 74 (Act V. Scene i.)

"Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny *beams*;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering *beams*,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight."

Such is the reading of the original copies. The second folio altered the second *beams* to *streams*, and Mr Knight has adopted it in the text; but the true word is that which he has himself conjectured:

"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering *gleams*."

So in the prologue (page 71), we find a similar burlesqued alliteration:

"Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast."

Page 78 (Act V. Scene ii.)

"Ever shall *in safety* rest."

"Ever shall *it safely* rest," Perkins folio.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

The editors—probably from not seeing it—have neglected to point out the connection between the inimitable Induction of this play and the play itself. Why should Shakspeare choose the "*Taming of the Shrew*," rather than any other of his comedies, to be precluded by the story of Christopher Sly? Shakspeare does nothing in vain. He is the most consummate of artists. There is the most wonderful organic unity in every one of his works. As every part of a plant, every leaf, has a structure that identifies it with the structure of the whole, we find the fundamental idea of one of Shakspeare's plays pervading every member, and appearing in a thousand varied forms. And here, let it be observed, that the Induction and the play are perfect counterparts. In the play, we find a woman out of her place: in the Induction, we find a tinker out of his position. The former exhibits the lording of a woman; the latter

exhibits the lording of a ragamuffin. The one is, in fact, a burlesque of the other. And so we have picture within picture, and dream within dream—a merry comedy set in a still more merry farce—fantastic smiles orb'd by still more fantastic laughter. Even in details, too, we might trace the burlesque of the parallel: the supposed wife of Christopher, a man in woman's clothes; and Katharine, a woman, assuming the moral habiliments of a man.

Petrucio.—It will be observed that, in the spelling of the hero's name, Mr Knight has rejected the usual orthography—*Petruchio*—for the proper Italian mode in which the *h* is elided. He is justified in so doing by other examples which the editors generally have followed. In the "*Tempest*," Anthonio is transformed into Antonio. In the "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*," Protheus has become Proteus. In "*Love's Labour's Lost*," Berowne is now spelt Biron. In "*Romeo and Juliet*" (Act I. Scene v.), however, on what principle it is difficult to understand, Mr Knight has retained the spelling *Petruchio*.

Page 89 (Ind. Scene i.)

Sly. "Go—by S. Jeronimy—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee."—"Go by, S. Jeronimy," is the proper reading, in burlesque of a phrase in the "*Spanish Tragedy*" of Thomas Kyd. "Go by, Jeronimo," is frequently quoted in the early dramas. How the "S." came to be introduced, whether by the dramatist or by the printer, we know not. At all events, here *Sly* is made to confound the Jeronimo of the "*Spanish Tragedy*" with the Jerome of the Holy Calendar.

Page 95 (Ind. Scene ii.)

"Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for *sheer* ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom."—It has been proposed to read "*shire* ale"—that is, Warwickshire, but the text is quite plain: *sheer* ale—nothing but ale.

Page 101 (Act I. Scene i.)

"Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's *checks*,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd."

"Aristotle's *ethics*." It is strange that this obvious emendation, long ago proposed by Sir W. Blackstone, should never have been adopted.

Page 112* (Act I. Scene ii.)

"For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go *to*. What will you read to her?"

The double preposition, which the editors are so fond of removing, was a form of expression which the elder dramatists had a peculiar liking for; and we have no right, for the sake of grammar or metre, to meddle with their usage. In the present instance, one of the prepositions has been ousted from the text for the sake of a very irregular metre.

Page 123 (Act II. Scene i.)

Pet. "Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such *jade* as you, if me you mean."

"No such *load* as you."—*Singer.*

Page 127 (Act II. Scene i.)

"And kiss me, Kate; *we will be married o' Sunday.*"

This, it may be observed, is the burthen of an old song in "Ralph Roister Dolster," the first regular comedy in the language—"I mun be married a Sunday." Petrucio has a habit of singing snatches in the midst of his excitement. Already in the same scene (page 120), he quotes, with a slight change, another burthen—"And I cannot come every day to woo." See again page 148 (Act IV. Scene i.)

Page 144 (Act IV. Scene i.)

Gru. "We came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

Curt. Both *on* one horse?"

"Both *of* one horse?" in the original. It was the idiom of the time, and is quite intelligible.

Page 150 (Act IV. Scene ii.)

"I spied

An ancient *angle* coming down the hill."

Angel, in the folio; and the reference to Cotgrave's dictionary made by both Singer and Dyce, proves that the original reading is the true one, or at least must take precedence of every other: "Angelot à la grosse escaille—An old *Angell*, and, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old, sound, honest and worthwhile stamp."

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Page 188 (Act I. Scene i.)

"O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; *when*, I am very sure,
If they should speak, *would* almost damn those ears," &c.

So all the old copies, according to which, however, there is no nominative to *would*. In the text, a nominative is supplied by changing *when* into *who*. In the Perkins folio, the grammar is saved with a smaller change:

"When, I am very sure,
If they should speak, 'twould almost damn," &c.

Page 203 (Act II. Scene ii.)

"O Heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try *conclusions* with him."—So in one of the quartos. But in the other, and in the folio, we find the infinitely more piquant—"confusions." Immediately, Launcelot proceeds to confuse the old man, and therein lies the propriety of the phrase; while its exquisite drollery is derived from the confusion that Launcelot himself displays. Fancy a fellow who says, "This is my true-begotten father," immediately resolving, "I will try *confusions* with him."

Page 204 (Act II. Scene ii.)

"By God's *sonities*."—*Sonities*, a corruption of sanctities.

Page 228 (Act III. Scene ii.)

"Whose hearts are all as false
As *stayers* of sand."

So in the original, but it is only one of the ancient modes of spelling *stairs*—which is undoubtedly the true reading.

Page 228 (Act III. Scene ii.)

"Thus ornament is but the gulled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Velling an *Indian beauty*; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest."

This passage has excited a good deal of discussion. Sir

Thomas Hanmer proposed to read "an Indian *dowdy*;" Mr Singer, "an Indian *gipsy*." In the Perkins folio, a far simpler change is proposed:

"Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian: beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth," &c.

This is the best reading we have, but it must be confessed that the construction is not Shakspearean.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Page 278 (Act I. Scene i.)

"Challenged Cupid at the *flight*."—*Flight*, a kind of arrow, long and light feathered, that went level to the mark.

Page 293 (Act II. Scene i.)

Bene. "Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I," &c.

Tieck suggested that this conversation with Margaret is wrongly attributed to Benedick; it belongs to Balthazar, who, in fact, ends it. Mr Dyce agrees; and it is probable that, considering the nature of the scene, Shakspeare would not have scattered Benedick, as in the text, by giving his conversation to any other than Beatrice.

Page 306 (Act II. Scene iii.)

"Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, *curses*—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"—Strange to hear of Beatrice cursing. The Perkins folio, with evident propriety, proposes "*cries*." She cries: "O sweet Benedick!"

Page 312 (Act III. Scene ii.)

"If low, an *agate* very vilely cut."

"If low, an *aglet* very vilely cut," has been suggested by Warburton. Aglets were tags of those points or ties formerly used in dress, and were often little images of gold, silver, or brass, according to the means of the wearer. Compare the speech of Grumio in the "Taming of the Shrew."

(Act I. Scene ii., page 116): "Give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby."

Page 313 (Act III. Scene i.)

"Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such."

In the Perkins folio, we read, with doubtful advantage, "but in the lack of such." Mr Singer suggests, as the probable meaning of the author—"Behind the back of such as are condemned for pride, scorn, and contempt, their reputation suffers, their glory dies."

Page 314 (Act III. Scene ii.)

"He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him."—That is to say, the little rascal. Compare the speech of Launce in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (Act IV. Scene iv., page 66), as corrected in the Perkins folio: "Ay, sir, the other squirrel was stolen from me by a hangman boy in the market-place."

Page 329 (Act IV. Scene i.)

"Out on the seeming!"—Both the quarto and the folio read, "Out on thee, seeming!"

Page 332 (Act IV. Scene i.)

"O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!"

"To her soul-tainted flesh," we find in the Perkins folio—Mr Collier defending the emendation by saying that it means "*flesh tainted to the soul!*" Putting aside Mr Collier's ludicrous interpretation, it is a reading worthy of consideration, although there is no necessity to adopt it. "Her foul, tainted flesh," is the antithesis in its doubled epithet of the words of Laertes ("Hamlet," Act V. Scene i., page 338):

"Lay her i' th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!"

Page 341 (Act V. Scene i.)

"And, 'sorrow wag' cry; hem, when he should groan."
"And, sorrow wag!—cry hem, when he should groan," better. "And—away with sorrow!—cry hem." Etymologically, wag is identified with way through the German *weg*.

Page 342 (Act V. Scene i.)

"There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently ;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a *push* at chance and sufferance."

Push is the old spelling of the interjection *Pish* !



